# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, Editors and Proprietors.

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☞ We commenced in The Post of January 2nd a new story by that celebrated writer, Mrs. Wood, author of "East Lynne," "Verner's Pride," &c.


## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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TERMS.—*Our terms* are the same as those for that well known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen years*—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, *one year*, $2; Two copies, $3; Four copies, $6; Eight copies (and one *gratis*), $12; Twenty (and one *gratis*), $28. One copy each of The Lady's Friend and The Post, $3.

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☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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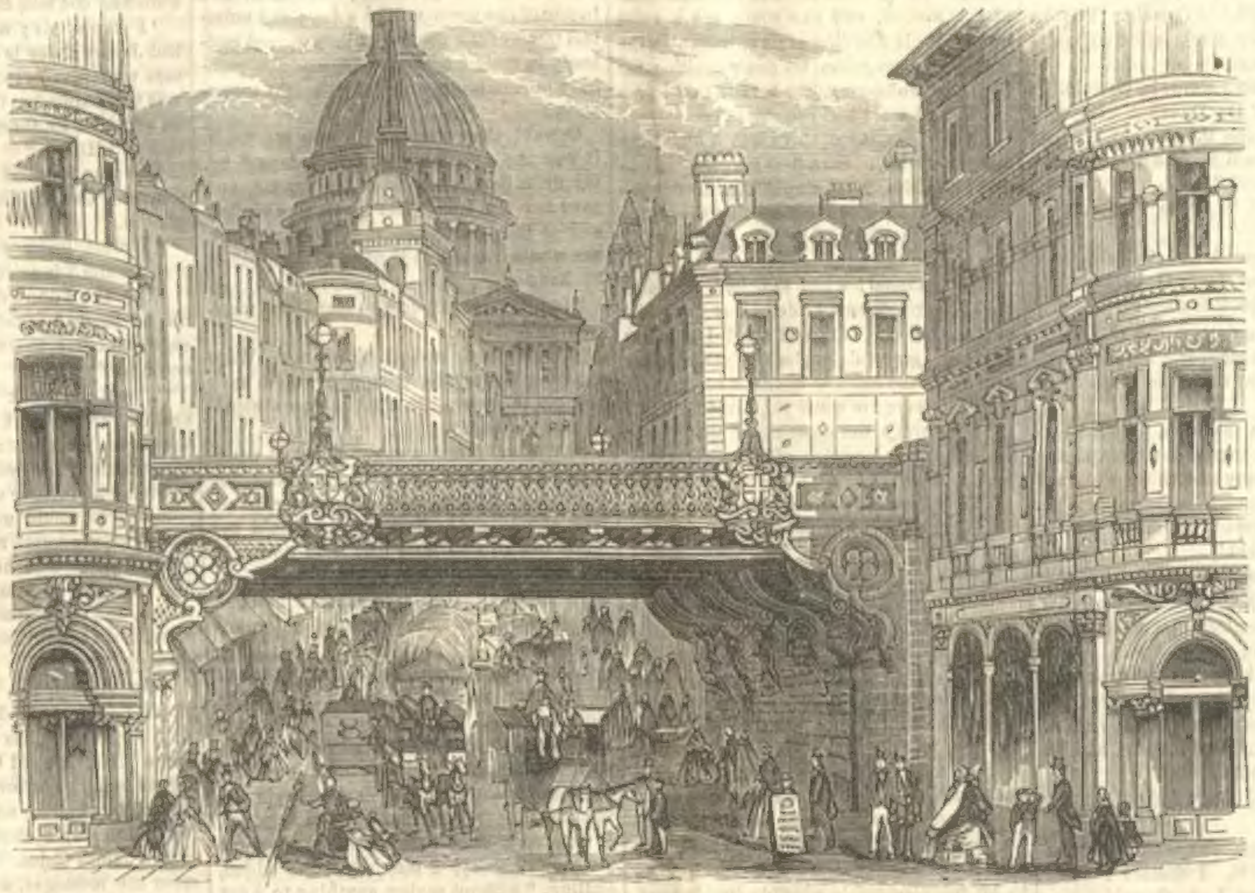
☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.


☞ The Machias Union tells of a little girl, five years old, who, asking her father for some money, he happened to give her a silver half-dime, but she threw it down in disgust, declaring she wanted *money*, same as other folks had!

☞ A foolish friend is more troublesome than a wise enemy.



## RAILROADS IN LONDON.

The above engraving represents the crossing of a London street at Ludgate Hill by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. The bridge consists of five girders of wrought iron, which are screened from sight by ornamental ironwork, and the straight, hard lines are broken up by brackets of cast iron and by medallions. The latter are eight in number, and made of bronze. They bear alternately the City Arms and those of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company, the City Arms being the larger and the more prominent, and placed immediately beneath the four handsome gas-lamps by which the bridge is lighted.

The parapets are cast iron, and the abutments formed of dressed Portland stone. The latter contain flights of steps leading from the pavement below, by means of which persons will proceed to the railway station, situated immediately overhead, or they may cross the bridge by one of two footways placed at its side, and communicating with the companion flight of steps in the opposite abutment, descend, and so avoid all danger and inconvenience in crossing a road usually thronged with horses and vehicles of all descriptions.

This bridge, when completed, will carry four lines of rails, two of the broad and two of the narrow guage. It is eighteen feet above the level of the street.

## LAST WORDS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CAROLINE A. BELL.

"Bury me in the sunshine."
—*Archbishop Hughes.*

Not in the dark dim cloister
Would I lie down to sleep;
Not 'neath the sacred chancel
Where Priests their vigils keep;

But where the early flowers
Shall bloom upon my grave,
And the air with rich, sweet odors,
Like a censer o'er me wave:

Where gleams of sunshine linger,
From early morn till eve,
And gloomy clouds shall never
Their shadows o'er me weave.

There where the sunshine loveth
Over my grave to fall;
Where birds shall sing my requiem,
And snow-drops form my pall—

Where the fleecy snows of winter,
All glistening with light,
Wrap me as with a garment,
Through the long shadowy night—

There I shall sweetly slumber,
With Christian armor on;
Till the day all golden opens
Where no shadow clouds the sun.

## OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.


[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]


PART IX.

LADY OSWALD'S JOURNEY.

Mr. Marcus Cray's marriage had taken place on a Thursday, and the time went on to the following Saturday week with little to mark it. Enough, as events were unhappily to turn out, was to mark it then. They, Marcus Cray and his wife, were expected home that evening: but it is not with them that we have just at present to do.

On this Saturday morning, Oswald Cray had come down to Hallingham on business connected with the line. In the course of the day he called on Lady Oswald, and found her in a state not easy to describe. That very morning certain men had been seen on her grounds, marking off the small portion of its boundaries intended to be taken for the sheds. Convinced that all her hopes of immunity had been but vain dreams, she had become angry, hysterical, almost violent. Oswald Cray had never seen her like this.

It was an illustration of the misery we may inflict upon ourselves, the evil spirit that will arise from self-grievance. In point of fact, these sheds, to be built on a remote and low portion of her land, could not prove any real annoyance to Lady Oswald: she would not see them from her windows, she did not go, ever, near the spot. The grievance lay in her imagination; she had made it a bugbear, and there it was. In vain Oswald Cray pointed out to her that it had been the same thing with regard to the rail itself. When she first heard it was to skirt her grounds, she had been as alarmed as she was now: but when the work was complete, the trains were actually running, then Lady Oswald found (though she did not acknowledge it (how void of reason her alarm had been: had the trains been fifty miles off she could not have seen less of them. It would be so with regard to the sheds, Oswald Cray told her: he told her that even a less portion of the ground would be taken than was at first intended; he did not add that he, by his persistent efforts in her cause, had obtained this little concession, but he might have told her so with truth. He assured her that the thing *could not* prove an annoyance to her. All in vain. He might just as well have talked to the winds. She would not listen. Parkins sat in tears, administering specifics for the "nerves," and entreating my lady to be tranquil. My lady replied by saying she should never be tranquil again, and she actually abused Mr. Oswald Cray.

"Nay," said Oswald, good-humoredly, "it is your landlord you should blame, not me. He agreed to the thing instanter—the moment it was proposed to him."

Lady Oswald's cheeks were burning as she turned to Oswald.

"If he had refused, instead of consented, what then? Could they have done it in spite of him?"

"It would have been done eventually, I suppose. Not just yet: the company would have had to bargain with him, perhaps to dispute the matter with him legally: and all that takes time."

"Had he persistently contended against it the company might have grown weary; have ended by fixing upon some other spot for their sheds," she breathlessly cried, the excitement on her face deepening.

Mr. Oswald Cray hesitated.

"It is possible, certainly; but—"

"I will go to him," broke in Lady Oswald. "I will go to Low this very hour."

She started from her seat, upsetting a bottle which Parkins held in her hand, almost upsetting Parkins herself in her vehemence. Mr. Oswald Cray gently restrained her.

"My dear Lady Oswald, you will do no good by going to Low now. It is too late. The thing has gone too far."

"It has not gone too far, Oswald Cray. So long as the sheds are not begun it cannot be too late. If Low did give his consent, he can retract it. The land is freehold, and freehold land cannot be seized upon lightly. Get my things, Parkins, and order the carriage." And Parkins submissively retired to obey.

"Lady Oswald, believe me," said Oswald, impressively, "Mr. Low cannot now retract his consent if he would. The agreement is signed: nay, I believe the money is paid. Your going to him will do no possible good; it can only be productive of further unpleasantness to yourself."

"Have you a motive in keeping me away from him?" asked Lady Oswald, and his brow momentarily contracted at her blind pertinacity. "Do you know that I have never once seen him upon this subject?—never once."

"No!" he said, really wondering at the omission.

"I would not go to see him; I was too angry; I contented myself with writing to him and telling him what I thought: and then, you know, until this blessed morning, when Jones came into the house with the news that the men were measuring the land, I never thought the thing would be really done. I will go to him now, Oswald Cray, and all you can say against it will not avail with me. If you had any courtesy, you would accompany me, and add your voice to mine against this unjustifiable wrong."

Courtesy was an adjunct in which Oswald Cray was not naturally deficient; in time, that day, he *was*. The business which brought him down was pressing, must have his full attention, and be finished so as to enable him to return to town that night. He had snatched these few minutes, while the clerks at the company's offices were at dinner, just to see Lady Oswald."

"It would give me great pleasure to escort you anywhere, Lady Oswald, but to-day I really cannot absent myself from Hallingham. I have my hands full. Besides," he added, a frank smile on his face, "have you forgotten how impossible it would be for me to go against the agreement made by the company with Mr. Low, by soliciting that gentleman to attempt to retract it?"

"I see," said Lady Oswald, beating her foot pettishly on the carpet; "better that I had called anybody to my aid than you. Are you cherishing resentment against me, Oswald Cray?"

Oswald Cray opened his dark blue eyes in surprise.

"Resentment against you, Lady Oswald! Indeed I do not understand you."

"I thought you might be remembering what I said at Dr. Davenal's, the evening of your brother's wedding. I mean about the money; which I said I could *not* leave you," she continued in a low tone. "You took me up so sharply."

"I fear I did. I was vexed that you could so misapprehend my nature. We need not recur to the subject, Lady Oswald. Let it pass."

"I must say a word first, Oswald. I believe, with all your fiery pride and your aptitude to take offence, that your nature is honest and true; that you would save me from annoyance if you could."

"I would indeed," he interrupted, earnestly. "Even from this threatened annoyance I would doubly save you, if it were at all within my power."

"Well, I want to say just this. I have always liked you very well; you have been, in fact, a favorite of mine; and many a time it has occurred to me to wish that I could put you down in my will—"

"Lady Oswald, I pray you—"

"Now do be quiet, and hear me. I consider it a duty to myself to tell you this, and I always intended to tell you before my death. I fully believe what you say; that you do not wish for my money, that you would prefer to make your own way; I say I fully believe that, Oswald. There are some men—honorable to fastidiousness, I call them—who are utterly incapable of casting a thought or a wish to the money of others; you are one, as I believe: and there's the additional bar in your case with regard to my money, that it comes from the Oswalds. I don't think you would accept money, in whatever form it came to you, from the Oswald family."

"I don't think I would," replied Oswald. And he spoke the truth of his heart.

"Still, I judge it right to give you this little word of explanation," she proceeded. "I daresay, whenever my will comes to be read, that you will feel surprised at its contents; may even deem that you had more legal claim upon me than he who will chiefly inherit. I do not think so. I have left my money to please myself: he to whom it is left has the best claim upon me in my judgment. I am happy to know that he will be rewarded: and he knows it."

Oswald felt a little puzzled: the words "and he knows it," somewhat excited his curiosity. With her own family, who alone (in Oswald Cray's opinion), could be said to have claims on Lady Oswald, she held but little communication: and a conviction stole over him that she did not allude to them. He was destined (as it proved) never to forget those words; and the construction he put upon them was, that the future inheritor of the money knew he was named as the inheritor. He said nothing. It was not a subject he cared to pursue; he had neither right nor inclination to inquire as to the disposal of what Lady Oswald might leave behind her. Had he dreamt of the ill those words would work, he might have asked further particulars.

"I thought I'd say this to you sometime, Oswald. Had you been less fiercely proud; and I, more at liberty to dispose of what I have to leave, I should regret not remembering you. As it is, perhaps all's for the best."

That again struck upon him as strange:

"I, more at liberty to dispose of what I have to leave."

Was she not at full and entire liberty?—if so, why was she not? The question set Oswald thinking.

But he had no time to pursue thought, or anything else that day, save business; and he rose to depart. Lady Oswald asked him if she should see him on her return from Mr. Low's.

"Why trouble yourself to go there?" he could not help once more asking. He felt sorry; sorry that she should subject herself to renewed disappointment.

"*I shall go*," imperatively answered Lady Oswald. "Surely I am at liberty to pay a visit to my own landlord if I please!"

But circumstances seemed inclined to prove themselves stronger than Lady Oswald's will. Even as the words left her lips, her coachman made his appearance with hindering news: one of the carriage horses had fallen lame.

"Accept it as an omen that the visit would have brought forth no good luck," said Oswald Cray, with a smile, while Jones stood, deprecating his lady's anger.

A doubt flashed across her mind for a moment whether the excuse was real, and the amazed Jones had to repeat it, and to assure his mistress that he was going "right off" for the veterinary surgeon then.

"It will not avail," said Lady Oswald. "I shall go by train. Perhaps you can tell me, Oswald Cray, at what hours the trains leave for Hildon?"

Oswald Cray said not another word of hindrance. To make use of the railroad, to which her objection had been so insuperable, proved that she was indeed bent upon it. He took from his pocket a list of the departure of the trains.

"The first train will pass Hallingham at two o'clock," he said, consulting it. "Stay, though; that is express, and does not stop at Hildon. Then the next—the next—"

"Perhaps you are seeking to show me that no train leaves for Hildon to-day!" exclaimed Lady Oswald, in anger, mistaking the motive of his hesitation. "You must have the departures by heart."

He would not take offence; he saw how grieved was the mood she was in, and answered in a kind, calm tone, perfectly unruffled.

"I was looking if there was no better train than the four o'clock one, Lady Oswald. I don't know so much of the trains coming this way, as I do of those going to London. You will not like to leave later than four, on account of coming back by daylight."

"Of course I should not. I must leave earlier than four."

"There is no train earlier: nothing at all between the two o'clock express, which does not stop at the smaller stations, and the four o'clock parliamentary. Not so pleasant a train to travel by, but it won't much matter for the short distance."

"And about coming back?"

"There are several you can come back by. There's one passes Hildon at half-past five; another at six; another at twenty-five minutes to seven. That is the London train, marked to reach Hallingham station at five minutes before seven, and leave it at seven. It is the one I shall go up by.—Then—"

"You need not continue," interrupted Lady Oswald. "I shall not be as late as that. Mr. Low's house is but five minutes' walk from Hildon station; there'll be no-

thing to detain me. You are in a hurry to go back to London. Are you aware that Mark and his wife return to-night?"

"Yes, I heard somebody say so."

"If you will stay over to-morrow, I shall be happy to see you to dine with me."

"You are very kind. I am compelled to go back to-night."

"To-morrow's Sunday. What can you have to do in London on Sunday?"

"I have promised to pass it with a sick friend," he answered. "One not long, I fear, for this world."

Lady Oswald would have detained him to inquire who it was, and all the particulars, and he began to think he should never get away. Hastily replying to her, he at length went out, and met Dr. Davenal driving up to pay the usual daily visit.

She was somewhat of a capricious woman, Lady Oswald. A few months before, in the summer time, Dr. Davenal had been hoping, it may almost be said secretly plotting—but the plotting was very innocent—to get Lady Oswald to favor Mark Cray sufficiently to allow of *his* paying these daily visits. Since then Lady Oswald had, of her own accord become excessively attached to Mark. That is, attached in one sense of the word. It was not the genuine esteem founded on long intimacy, the love, it may be almost said, that draws one friend to another; it was that artificial liking which suddenly arises, and has its result in praising and patronizing; artificial because so shallow. In the new feeling, Lady Oswald had not only sanctioned Mark's visits to her in the place of Dr. Davenal, but she had recommended him to everybody she knew, as the cleverest young surgeon in Hallingham or out of it.—It had been Mark's luck speedily to cure some fancied or real ailment of Lady Oswald's in a notably short space of time, and Lady Oswald, who set it down to skill, really had taken up the notion that he had not his equal. We all know how highly-colored for the time are these sudden estimations of a popular doctor's skill. None rejoiced more than Dr. Davenal, and he resigned Lady Oswald to Mark with inward satisfaction, and the best grace in the world. But during Mark's absence on his wedding-tour the doctor had taken again the daily visits.

Roger pulled up in the gravel drive as he encountered Mr. Oswald Cray; but Oswald, who had outstayed his time, could only shake hands and hasten onwards. Parkins met Dr. Davenal surreptitiously as he entered: she had seen his approach, and she stole forwards on tiptoe to meet him, her tears dropping. When Lady Oswald was in her fretful moods, Parkins generally found refuge in tears.

"What's the matter now?" asked the doctor.

"The men have begun to measure the ground, and that stupid Jones came running open mouthed to the house with the news, and my lady heard him," explained Parkins. "I'd not have told her; if people held their tongues, the sheds might be built, and up, and she never know it. I thought she'd have gone out of her mind, sir; and then Mr. Oswald Cray came in, and he talked to her. I think she's calmer now; I heard her talk quietly to Mr. Oswald Cray before he left. But she says she'll go off by rail to Mr. Low's."

"Is she in the drawing-room?"

"Yes, sir. So well, to be sure, as she was this morning!" continued Parkins, drying her tears. "I don't know when she has been in such spirits, and all because Mr. Cray was coming home to-night with his wife. The fancy she has taken for him is extraordinary; she has been counting the days off since he was away, like a schoolgirl counts them before her holidays."

Dr. Davenal entered. He did not attempt to reason Lady Oswald out of the visit to Mr. Low. Quite the contrary. He told her the short trip by rail would do her good; and he thought, which he did *not* tell her, that the interview with Mr. Low might set the affair at rest sooner than anything else would, by convincing her that there could be no appeal against the fiat, no delay in the carrying out of the work.

When Lady Oswald reached the station, it happened that Oswald Cray was there. He was emerging from one of the private rooms with some plans under his arm when he saw her. She looked scared at the bustle of the station, and was leaning helplessly on her maid's arm, uncertain where to go, what to do. Oswald hastened to her and took her on his arm. Parkins slipped behind quite thankful to see him; she was as little used to the ways and confusion of a station as her mistress.

"Will you venture still, Lady Oswald, with all this turmoil?"

"Will you cease worrying me?" she answered, and the tone was a sharp one, for she fancied he still wished to stop her, and resented the intermeddling with her will.

*Did* he wish to stop her? If any such feeling was upon him, it must surely have been instinct; a prevision of what the ill-fated journey would bring forth; of the influence it would indirectly bear on his own future life.

He said no more. He led Lady Oswald at once to a first-class carriage, placed her and Parkins in it, and then went to procure their return tickets. The time wanted yet five minutes to four o'clock, and he leaned over the carriage door and talked to Lady Oswald, ill as he could spare the time. No man had kinder feelings at heart than Oswald Cray, and it seemed to him scarcely courteous to leave her, for she was in a tremor still, until the train should start.

He talked to her in a gay, laughing tone of indifferent subjects, and she grew more at ease.

"Only think!" she suddenly exclaimed, "I may return with Mr. Cray and his wife! Dr. Davenal told me to-day they were expected early in the evening; and this is the way they must come. I shall be so glad when he is home!"

Oswald shook his head at her with mock seriousness.

"I'd not acknowledge my faithlessness so openly, were I you, Lady Oswald. To turn off Dr. Davenal for Mark, after so many years' adhesion to him?"

"You know nothing about it, Oswald. I have not turned off Dr. Davenal. But you may depend upon one thing—that Mark is a rising man. He will make a greater name than you in the world."

"Very likely. I hope he will make a name. For myself—"

The whistle sounded, and Oswald drew away from the door. Lady Oswald put out her hand, and he shook it warmly.

"Shall I see you on my return?"

"Possibly, just a glimpse," he answered. "I'll look out for you when the trains come in. Good-bye."

"But you'll wish me luck, Oswald—although you may be bound in honor to the interests of the enemy and those wretched sheds?"

"I wish it you heartily and sincerely; in all ways, Lady Oswald."

His tone was hearty as the words, his clasp sincere. Lady Oswald withdrew her hand, and left him a pleasant, cordial smile as the train puffed on.

"One can't help liking him Parkins, with all his obstinate contrariness," she cried. "I wish he had been the surgeon. Only think what a name he would have made, had he possessed his brother's talent!"

"So he would, my lady," dutifully acquiesced Parkins.

"What a good thing we are alone! Most likely he contrived it. I declare I don't dislike this," continued Lady Oswald, ranging her eyes round the well-stuffed compartment. "It is almost as private as my own carriage."

"So it is, my lady," answered Parkins. And the train went smoothly on, and in twenty minutes' time Lady Oswald was deposited safely at the Hildon station.

Sara Davenal was that day in a state of commotion, almost as great as Lady Oswald's. But Sara's arose from a different cause, and was of a pleasurable kind. She and Caroline had never been separated since the arrival of the latter from the West Indies years before, and this last week or ten days' absence had seemed to Sara like so many months. Now that the day of the return had actually come, Sara was feverish with impatience and delight.

She dined early that she might go to the abbey to be in readiness to receive them. The precise time of their arrival had not been indicated; "early in the evening, but not to dinner; have tea ready," had been Mrs. Cray's words to her servants in the letter received by them on Friday morning. Sara was at the abbey before five o'clock, hoping and waiting.

Mark and Caroline were beginning as prudently as their best friends could desire; two maid-servants only, engaged under the careful eye of Miss Bettina, comprised their household. The large, heavy door of the abbey opened to a large stone hall; on the left of this was a large sitting-room, with cross-beams in its ceiling and deep-mullioned windows, looking on to the branching lines of rails and the station in the distance; not so pleasant a view as had been the gay abbey gardens. Indeed, with the doing away of those gardens, the pleasantest part of the abbey, as a residence, had gone. It was a rambling sort of place inside, with very little comfort. This room and the drawing-room above, were the only good-sized rooms in the house; four modern rooms might have been put into that drawing-room, and what its carpeting had cost, was something to be talked of. The bed-chambers were pigeon-holes, the domestic offices dark closets, paved with stone; in short, the abbey was a grander place in sound than it was pleasant for use. The Crays, who had lived in it so long, were party-giving people, thinking more of show than comfort: the pigeon-holes were good enough for them; the dark stone kitchens might be made the best of by the servants; the great drawing-room, larger than anybody else's in Hallingham, gladdened their hearts. It was certainly an imposing room, in spite of its low ceiling, when filled with company and lights.

Sara Davenal waited and waited in the downstairs room. She had taken off her things and made herself at home: her dress was of dark-blue silk, the bands of her brown hair were smooth and silken, and excitement had brought a color to her cheeks. The tea was on the table in readiness, with a cold fowl and tongue, thoughtfully ordered to be provided by Miss Davenal.

Five o'clock; half-past five; six o'clock; half-past six; seven o'clock; and still they had not come. Sara grew impatient, it is no use to deny it, and blamed them for want of punctuality. They had not bargained for her feverish longing.

She stood at the window, looking still, as she had done since five o'clock. It had grown into night since she stood there; would have grown to dark but for the brilliant moon that lighted the heavens. A servant came in.

"Shall I bring lights, miss?"

"Not yet. I want to watch for the train!"

The maid retired. Sara waited on. Waited and waited, until she felt sure that it must be half-past seven: but then she was counting time by her own impatience, not by the clock. Her eyes began to grow weary with the intense and incessant gaze at the station, and she could see a good many people standing at its entrance in the moonlight, stragglers no doubt waiting for the train, wondering, like herself, that it was not in, and what had become of it.

As she thus stood, there was a loud ring at the door-bell. Sara flew into the hall in glee: thinking how stupid she must have been not to observe them crossing the bridge round by the lines; flew into the hall, and was met by her aunt.

Miss Davenal! when she had expected the bridegroom and bride! But Sara had to make the best of it, and she did so in her pleasing, graceful manner, drawing her aunt in by the hand to the dark room.

"They have not come yet, Aunt Bettina."

"Whatever's the meaning of this?" was the surprised question of Miss Davenal. "All in the dark! And where are they?"

"They have not come yet," repeated Sara. "Bring the lights," she added in a low voice to the servant.

"Not come! Where are they stopping?"

"The train is not in, Aunt Bettina."

"The what's not in?"

"The train."

"Why, what has come to it?"

Miss Bettina, all amazed, and scarcely believing the information, went hastily to the window, and looked towards the station. At that moment the other servant, Dorcas, came into the room. She was not a stranger to the family, having once lived with Miss Davenal, before that lady took up her abode with her brother. Dorcas was getting on to be middle-aged, a sensible looking woman, with a turned-up nose and reddish hair.

"Miss Sara," she whispered, "they are saying there's been an accident to the train."

Sara Davenal's heart seemed to stand still and then bound on again as if it would break its bounds.

"Who says it?" she gasped.

"I saw the folks standing about, and talking one to the other; so I opened my kitchen winder, and asked what was amiss, and they said the seven o'clock train was not in, that it had met with an accident. Miss Sara—"

But Miss Sara had turned from her. Silently snatching her shawl and bonnet from the sofa where she had laid them, she quitted the room, the unconscious Miss Davenal standing yet at the window. Dorcas followed her, and, by the lights that were now being carried in, she saw how white she looked.

"Miss Sara, I was about to say that it may not be true," continued Dorcas, as Sara hastily flung on her things. "*I* don't think it is: there'd be more uproar at the station if any news of that sort had been brought in."

"I am going over to see; I cannot remain in this suspense. Not go by myself?" she repeated, in reply to the woman's remonstrance; "nonsense, Dorcas! Everybody knows me: I am Dr. Davenal's daughter. You stay with my Aunt Bettina, and be sure don't alarm her if you can help it."

Pulling the door open with her own hand, she passed under the red light of Mr. Cray's professional lamp, and hastened by the side-path and the bridge round to the station. Her face was pale, her pulses were beating. Sara Davenal had a quick imagination, and all the horrors of accidents by rail that she had ever heard seemed to rise up before her.

There was no impediment offered to her entering the station. Several persons were standing about, but they did not appear to notice her, and she passed through the room where the tickets were given on to the platform. There she found herself in the midst of a crowd. Not a moving crowd, but a waiting crowd, whose faces were mostly turned one way—that by which the expected train ought to come. Sara saw a talkative porter, and got near him, a man she knew.

"Has there been an accident?" she asked.

"Well, miss, there's nothing known for certain. It's odd where the train can be; and if anything *has* happened, it's odder still that the telegraph haven't brought word of it. I remember once she was half an-hour late before."

"Who was?" asked Sara, bewildered.

"This here seven o'clock train. 'Twarn't nothing wrong with her then: some of them bothering excursion trains had blocked up the line. I'd lay, miss, it's the same thing to-night. The doctor ain't gone down the line, is he?"

"No, no. I am expecting my cousin and Mr. Cray."

"It'll be all right, miss. She won't be long. We shall hear her steam directly."

Somewhat reassured, Sara turned, and was pushing her way through the throng, wishing to get clear of it, when she found herself a sort of prisoner. A gentleman had placed his arm before her, and looking up in the moonlight she discerned the features of Oswald Cray. Her heart gave a great bound of satisfaction, of *love*, and she almost caught at his protecting arms.

## PART X.

### WAITING FOR NEWS.

It was a curious and exciting scene. The station raising its imposing height to the night sky, so blue and beautiful; the crowd gathered there unnaturally still, in the intensity of awed expectation; the lights and bustle of the town not far away; the noiseless tread of the porters, as they moved restlessly in their suspense;—all made a painfully interesting picture in the bright moonlight.

Oswald Cray was waiting for the train. It was the one he intended to depart by. He drew Sara away from the throng, and gave her his arm. Her heart was beating still at the consciousness of his presence, her whole frame had thrilled to the touch of his hand.

"Is there danger, do you fear?" she whispered.

"No, I trust not. I think not. Were anything wrong, the telegraph would have brought the news. It must be some obstruction on the line."

Sara's fear faded away. She had confidence in *him*. If he, so experienced, the line's own engineer, saw no cause for dread, why should she? Perhaps she could not quite banish one little corner of doubt in her heart; perhaps Mr. Oswald Cray might have some slight corner of fear himself, which he did not deem it expedient to impart to her.

"Did you get frightened, Sara?" he asked as they walked slowly to and fro in the moonlight.

"I was at the Abbey waiting for them, and Dorcas, one of their new servants, came to me and said people were saying in the street that there had been an accident. I was very much frightened, and came away, ran away, I may say," she added, smiling, "without saying anything to Aunt Bettina."

"Is she at the Abbey?"

"She has just come. She expected they had returned."

"I fear Lady Oswald is waiting for this train at Hildon," he remarked. "She will not like the delay."

"Indeed! Lady Oswald at Hildon?"

He explained to her how it was: that Lady Oswald had gone to Mr. Low's, and was not yet back. Did you know that I called at your house this afternoon?" he asked.

"No," she said, lifting her head. "Did you call?"

"It was about five o'clock. I have been very busy all day, but I managed to get a minute. You were out, Neal said, and the doctor was out, only Miss Davenal at home, so I did not go in."

"I had come down to the Abbey," said Sara. "I thought they might arrive by an earlier train than this. Are you obliged to go back to London to-night?"

"Quite obliged, if the train shall arrive to take me. What's that?"

Some stir was discernible in the throng. Oswald Cray held his breath, listening for any sound that might indicate the approach of the train; but in the distance he could hear nothing, and the stir, caused perhaps only by the restlessness of waiting, died away. They paced on again.

"Since I saw you, Sara, I have had an offer made me of going abroad."

"To stay long?" she quickly asked. "Where to?"

"To stay a long while, had I accepted it, perhaps for life. In a pecuniary point of view the change would have been an advantageous one: it would have given me a position at once. But the climate is shocking. So I declined."

"Oh, I am glad!" she involuntarily said. "You should not run any of those risks."

"I did not hesitate on my own score. At least, I am not sure that I should have hesitated, but I really did not think of myself at all in the matter. I did not get so far. I should not like to have gone out alone, Sara: and I felt that I had no right to expose another to these chances; one whom I should then be bound to protect and cherish, so far as man's protection goes, from all ill."

He spoke in what may be called general words, in a general tone, but it was impossible for Sara to misunderstand him. Every pulse within her beat in answer, quietly as she continued to walk, calmly as her eyes rested straight before her. She knew it was his intention not to speak openly, until he could speak to some purpose: and she thought he was right.

"So I resolved to continue where I am, and plod on diligently," he continued. "Advancement, though more slow, will be sure. Do you think I did right?"

"Quite right, quite right," she murmured. And, had they been speaking without reserve to each other, she might have added, "Papa would not like me to go abroad."

A silence ensued. They pace together in that quiet spot away from the busy crowd, the silvery moonlight above, the pure passion of love's first dream filling their hearts within. No need of words: the conscious presence of each was all in all.

"Where can this train be?" exclaimed Oswald at length, breaking the charm of the silence.

Almost as the words left his lips, one of the porters came hurriedly up, touching his hat as he spoke.

"There has been a mistake in the telegraph-room, sir. Leastwise, some bungle. The train *was* telegraphed from Hildon."

A moment's startled pause on the part of Oswald Cray.

"It was told to me positively that the train had not left, Barker?"

"I know, sir; we all understood it so. But James Eales is come back now, and he says we misunderstood him: that the train was telegraphed at the proper time. There's an accident, sir, for certain; and it's between this and Hildon."

The man touched his hat again, and retreated. Oswald Cray turned to his companion.

"I must leave you for a few minutes, Sara, while I inquire into this."

"Oswald, I don't quite understand. What did he imply?—that if a telegraphic message had come, there must necessarily be an accident?"

"I will be back to you soon," he answered, unwilling to say more. "I think there must be a mistake. Stay here quietly, away from the crowd."

Giving no further satisfaction to her fears—indeed he could not give it—he walked hastily to the small room used as the telegraph office. The news which the porter had brought to him was spreading elsewhere, and the entrance to it was blocked up with an eager throng. He began to work his way through.

"By your leave, by your leave, good people." And they drew aside so as to give room for him to pass when they saw who it was. Mr. Oswald Cray's right of authority, as being superior to that of any at the station, was known and recognized.

The telegraph clerk was a young man named James Eales. It was his duty to receive the messages, and in due course he ought to have received the one from Hildon, signifying that the expected train (called in familiar terms at Hallingham the seven o'clock train, although it came in five minutes sooner) had duly quitted Hildon. This message was due somewhere about twenty-three minutes to seven, and it came this evening as usual, quite punctually. No sooner had it been received, than James Eales, who wanted to absent himself for a short while on an errand to the town, asked one of the men to take his place. Other messages might be expected relating to the trains, not to speak of private messages, always liable to come: and the man took his place accordingly. As Eales was going out, the man, whose name was Williams, called after him to know whether the train was signalled. Eales thought he meant the down-train whose signal was nearly due, and replied, "No, not yet." But in point of fact, the man had alluded to the up-train from Hildon, which *had* been signalled. That man was an accurate time-keeper; it wanted two or three minutes yet to the signalling of the down-train, and he would not have been likely, from this very accuracy, to inquire whether that message had come, it not being due. Eales, who did not possess the like innate accuracy, and was besides in a hurry to depart, confused the question, and took it to allude to the down train. It is through these mistakes, which are caused half by carelessness, half by what may be almost called unavoidable misapprehension, that accidents occur. It did not lead to the accident in this case, but it has led to many a one. Williams ought to have said, "Is the *up*-train signalled?" Saying what he did say, "Is the train signalled?" Eales should have answered, "The up-train is signalled; not the down."

Williams sat down to the desk or bureau, the telegraph indicator being in front of him, above his head. Precisely to time the down telegraph came, a confirmation it may almost be said of the mistake. Williams noted it, and wondered what the up-train was about that its signal did not likewise come. After seven o'clock came and passed, and the up-train did not arrive, the station-master, who had been enjoying a little recreative gossip on his own score, and not been attending to his duties quite as closely as he might have done, made his appearance in the telegraph office.

"Where's James Eales?" he demanded.

Williams explained. He had stepped out on an errand, and he, Williams, was taking his place. The station-master made no demur to this: Williams was as capable as Eales, and often worked the telegraph.

"Has the up-train been signalled from Hildon?"

"No, sir, it has not been signalled for certain," was the reply of Williams. "Eales told me the signal had not come when he left, and I am sure it has not come since."

"Where can it be?" exclaimed the station-master. "I suppose some of those monster excursion trains are blocking up the line somewhere."

A consolatory conclusion, quite doing away with uneasiness or fear. The station-master promulgated the news that the train had not been signalled from Hildon, together with his own suggestive idea of the offending excursion trains. He told Mr. Oswald Cray it had not been signalled, and he told others; therefore the officials were perfectly at their ease upon the point, whatever the assembled crowd might be.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'ARY 6, 1864.


REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

### Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter-up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

### OUR INDIAN SYSTEM.

The Rev. H. B. Whipple—Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of Minnesota—publishes an eloquent appeal, exposing the iniquities of our present "Indian System." In reference to Indian treaties, he says:

"An Indian treaty usually has but one end; that end is to put money in some white man's pocket. The Indian is told of his great father's pity and love for red men, of his desire to see them made like their white brothers; that he has no houses, fire canoes, or fire horses, that he knows not how to cultivate the soil, that he has no schools, nor books, nor teachers, nor knowledge of God; that all these and many more blessings will come to him and his children if he will not turn a deaf ear to his great father's words. He believes the lying fable. He knows not how this is to be accomplished, but he trusts the smooth words. He can not read, and so supposes all this is in the bond. Often there are lying codicils added or false interpretations given to absorb large sums of money for special claims, always provided such claimants will pay a liberal commission to secure them. The treaty is ratified. Then comes deferred hopes, the irritation of the pilfering of annuity goods, the squandering of money by fraudulent contracts, the theft of annuities; then diseases which follow vice begin to hold a carnival in every village; there is no government or law to protect person, property, or life. The deadly fire-water changes the savage to a devil. When he has only a choice of deaths, these long pent-up passions burst out in the horrors of a massacre.

"The Indian treaty is now the surest way to the public treasury. The traders and the chiefs whom they can bribe ask for it; the agents and Department find it in their interest, and cunning politicians who never act unless their palms are crossed with silver, know how to use all these for personal ends. There should be no offers made or inducements used to the Indians except such as the Government will see faithfully and honestly fulfilled. The policy of bribing chiefs must be stopped. The treaty should not recognize a wandering savage tribe as an independent nation; it must be no more and no less than the simple, clear statement of the plighted faith of a Christian nation to its Indian wards.

"It is now a system of reward for political favorites. The superintendents and agents are generally selected by their Congressional patron as a reward for the service done in his own election. The case is so plain that no man can secure such an office, no matter how high his character, unless as a reward for party service. The agent usually appoints his subordinates from the same motives, and even if he desired to do his whole duty, he could not resist the outside political pressure, and he must obey party mandates or lose his place. Under a wise system of government, such appointments would be mischievous, but they work far greater evils under the present Indian system."

We believe that all the charges brought by the Bishop against the present management of Indian affairs are true. He thinks, however, that the fault is in the system, more than in the agents who have the management of it, but we doubt this very much. You may adopt any system you please, but if you entrust the management of it to mere political favorites and party hacks, the result will be about the same as it is now. While if you would take the present system, and give the management of it to honest and benevolent men—such as the Society of Friends for instance—you probably would have no further complaints of Indian depredations and massacres, and the red race might be civilized and saved.

Of course we have very little hope of any change for the better—and yet, in addition to our Indian wards, we have every prospect of having several millions of negro ones. Well, one thing is pretty certain—either the people of this country will learn how to get a fair proportion of honest and benevolent men into office—men who be-

lieve in something else than shoddy and the almighty greenback—or else they will find that their day of trouble with Indians and negroes will be a very long one.

### THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales, in answer to a request, recently presented to the Library of Cambridge College a copy of the photographs of the Samaritan Pentateuch, which the Samaritans allege is more than three thousand years old, and written by the grandson of Aaron. The Private Secretary of the Prince says in his letter:

The Prince of Wales desires me to add that he will always be glad of any opportunity which may enable him to evince, in however slight a manner, the lively sense which he entertains of the kindness and hospitality which he received during his visit to the United States; and that with these recollections he cannot fail cordially to reciprocate the wish to which you have given expression, that nothing may occur to interrupt the friendship which ought ever to subsist between the old country and the new.

Good and noble words those. The fair inference from them is that the Prince regards the United States with the same warm and friendly feelings which it has always been believed on this side of the ocean, his mother, the Queen, entertains for the American people. Good luck to them both, mother and son!

### A FOREIGN ITEM.

In the New York Daily Tribune, the other day, among the recent Foreign Items we found the following:—

The following letter has been received by the principal of a public school in England, in reply to a circular asking the opinion of the parents upon the practice of flogging:—

"Dear Sir: Your flogging cirklar is duly received, I hopes as to my son John you will flog him just so often as you like. Hees a bad boy is John. Althauth I've been in the habit of teaching him miself, it seems to me he will larn nothing—his spellin is speshall outragusly deficient. Wallup him well, Sur, and you will receive my hearty thanks.—Yours, Moses Walker. P. S.—Wat accounts for John being sich a bad scollar is that he's my sun by my wife's fust husband."

It may be that such a letter has been received by "the principal of a public school in England," but as we have a very distinct recollection of writing something very much like it about say ten or twelve years ago, we doubt the literal truth of the story very much. We wrote it as what Artemus Ward calls a "goke"—and it must have been a tolerably good one, to be still "alive and kicking," as good as new, after so long an interval.

### GOOD HOURS.

We see it stated that the "upper Ten" in New York have recently introduced the custom of going to evening parties about five o'clock, and leaving before midnight. How Madame Fashion ever came to hit upon such a sensible idea is a puzzle. Probably she argued that any working man or woman could go to parties after eight or nine o'clock, but only the do-nothing classes could get off by five. Well, whatever her reasons, the custom is a sensible one. Late hours are very hard on the constitution. If you do not believe it, ask Dr. Hall.

☞ We are indebted to Mr. Watson, of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, for a copy of "The Annual Reports of the Banks and Savings Institutions of the State of Pennsylvania."

### NEW MUSIC.

We have received from the widely-known music publishers, *Messrs. Lee & Walker, 722 Chestnut St., Philada.*, the following new and popular songs:—

Kind Friends are Near Her. Song and Chorus. An answer to "Who will care for Mother Now?" Words by Ednor Rossiter; Music by B. Frank Walters.

I Loved that Dear Old Flag the Best. Song and Chorus. Words by Ednor Rossiter; Music by B. Frank Walters.

Wait, Love, Until the War is Over. Song and Chorus. Music Adapted by T. M. Todd.

Songs for the Loyal. Six Patriotic Songs and Odes:—

1. My Love is on the Battle Field.
2. The Nation Shall Not Die.
3. The Young Volunteer.
4. The Christian Commission.
5. Gettysburg.
6. The Son who Was his Mother's Pride.

The words of the above "Songs for the Loyal" are by our highly-respected fellow citizen Robert Morris, Esq., and the Music by Alfred Delaney.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Water-Babies. A Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," "Amyas Leigh," etc. With Illustrations by J. Noel Paton, R. S. A. Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Among the drifts of juvenile works which every season piles upon the shores of booksellers' counters, occasionally, though rarely, a diamond sparkles out from the sand grains, to be culled and strung in the increasing chaplet of those which the world "will not willingly let die." Such a jewel is this charming fairy story of the Water-Babies, which we are not ashamed to admire and prefer above all the more extensive and professedly earnest works of its celebrated author. The most playful and beautiful imaginings, the wildest and most grotesque fancies are lavished upon it, and under and through them all run such threads of deep meaning, as task mature minds to decipher, though the children—bless their hearts!—see no puzzles in them. While we grown-up ones are set a-thinking by such ideas as the secret by which Mother Carey makes new things out of old ones, or the wonderful Backstairs, by which people vainly endeavor to escape the severe discipline of the Fairy Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, the "land-babies" are dwelling delightedly upon Tom's adventure in the lobster-pot, his talks with the sea-beasts, or the wonders of Shiny Wall and Peacepool. Not that moral teachings are not felt by the children to underlie all the delights of the story. The youngest of the little circle who listened to it with us, a sturdy, clear-eyed little fellow of four years old, announced the next morning, with sober complacency, as he completed an irksome task without complaint: "Dere now; I'se done what I didn't 'ike, and gone where I didn't want to, jus' 'ike Tom:" while allusions to Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, or to "Tomtoddy, all head and no body," are frequently called forth by tendencies to selfishness or to laziness shown by any juvenile member of the family.

The especial beauty of the book is that there is no "writing down" to childish capacities on the part of the author, who plays with Mother Nature on the moor, in the beck, and among the teeming life of the great sea, with as free and child-like delight as that of his childish companions.

As for what is especially *not* a beauty, that is the undue exaltation of all things English, the undue depreciation of all things foreign, and particularly the contemptuous side-allusions or open reproaches to us as a nation, our character, and our institutions. It is painful to have our admiration and sympathies checked and thrown back upon us by unjust sneers, or uncalled-for predictions of ills. Yet there is, doubtless, more of misapprehension and ignorance of the real truth in regard to us than of malignity in all this. Excrescences are mistaken for vital growth, anomalies for normal developements. We still hope for the time to come when our nation will be better known and more fairly judged by those whose esteem is worth caring for, including the really good and nobly gifted Charles Kingsley.

Harper's Magazine. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The February number of this excellent magazine contains its usual variety of interesting articles. Among them we note Simon Kenton, The Small House at Allington, Edinburgh after Flodden, On The Stage, (by Mrs. Kemble,) &c., &c.

By the way, we observe that in a notice of Bryant's recent volume of poems, the critic says that Bryant "has given us the best poems written by any man now living who uses the English language," and then adds, "If there is among these thirty poems no one which would have won a name for a young author, there is no one unworthy of the name of Bryant." The fair inference from this is, that a young author might write thirty poems not unworthy of the ablest living poet, and yet such poems win him no name—a conclusion which we by no means agree with.

We may add that we think the critics generally have not given the "Thirty Poems" in question that careful reading of which they are worthy. Really good poetry cannot have "the heart of its mystery" plucked out in a hasty reading—nor even in a deliberate reading, at one sitting. You must go to it in different moods—moods approximating somewhat to the varying ones in which the different pieces have been written, before you can possibly judge a volume of poems fairly. We apprehend that any good critic—giving Bryant's recent volume this proper attention—will be struck with a certain richness and mellowness of thought and imagination, which gives the volume a peculiar charm to the matured and reflective mind.

Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker, Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, Boston. By John Weiss. In Two Volumes. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The first of these octavo volumes contains an engraving of a daguerreotype, and the second of Story's bust of Mr. Parker—and there are also other engravings of an appropriate and interesting character. The biography appears to be very full, and though Mr. Weiss's style is a little too Carlylish to suit our taste, he appears to have done his work with commendable care and industry. The amount of correspondence is very large, and Mr. Parker speaks for himself in it upon a great many subjects. For sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

Corinne. By Madame De Staël. A new edition of a famous work. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Music. The Realm of the West. Song and Chorus. Words by Amanda T. Jones. Music by Charles G. Degenhard.

Holloway's Musical Monthly.—The January number of this musical serial is a double one, and contains "Happy Greetings, a Polka Mazourka," by Jos. Archer; "Christmas Chimes," by Brinley Richards; "Around the Fire," by J. Starr Holloway; "Under the Mistletoe," words by C. T. Martin, music by C. W. Glover; and "Kriss Kingle," by Theodore Oesten. Published by J. W. Holloway, Philadelphia. Price $3,00 a year.

The Indian Chief. By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Prairie Flower," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

The Whip, Hoe, and Sword; or, The Gulf Department in '63. By George H. Hepworth. Mr. Hepworth went out to New Orleans as Chaplain, and was detailed to superintend the plantations. This volume throws light upon the question of paid labor upon the plantations, and abounds with anecdotes and sketches of Southern life and Character. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston. For sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia.

Is our Prosperity a Delusion? Our National Debt and Currency. By a Boston Merchant. Published by A. Williams & Co., Boston; and for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

Oh, Touch Not My Sister's Picture; or, The Confession of a Rebel Prisoner. Words by Mrs. G. S. Kellogg. Music by T. Martin Towne. Published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

New Thing in Art.—We have news from Paris of a remarkable extension of the uses of photography. Strange as it may appear, one may now enter a photographic studio, constructed with reference to the new process, be therein photographed in a few seconds, and, on calling the next day or day after, instead of the usual photographic print of one's face or figure, an exact facsimile in the shape of a statuette in modelling clay is produced by the operator. The invention is French, and it has been patented in England, and in all the continental states. The process appears to be simple, a mechanical application supplementing the chemical results in the first instance. The sitter is placed in the centre of a circular chamber, lighted from above; around the walls of this chamber are placed, at equal distances, twenty-four lenses, by means of which he is photographed in every possible view. By a mechanical contrivance of extreme ingenuity three images of the sitter are traced and moulded upon the clay. A short sitting is required, and, under the hands of an experienced sculptor, a most faithful likeness is secured, and, it is added, an agreeable work of ark. The statuettes already produced are about a foot in length, but it is asserted that life-sized statues can be produced with the same facility. Any number of copies of a particular statuette may be made by the ordinary process of casting.

Funny English.—German English dictionaries have always been noted as receptacles *for* slang, inserted not as slang but as genuine English. It is amusing, says a correspondent of the Historical Magazine, to see what an amount of vulgarisms have been thrust into a recent work of this class:—

*Not by a fugfull* is favored with an especial heading.

*Clamshell*, is given as one of the equivalents of mouth, but the word *clam*, as the name of a shell fish, is not.

*Boss* is given as a noun and as a verb.

Burgoo is given as a preparation of oat meal.

Carpetweed as a creeping plant.

Cisco as a small fish.

Frough is given as meaning rancid.

Forment is interpreted *gegenuber*, but it is evident the author intended the Irish *fornint!*

Energize, citizenize, funkify, noncommittalism, and many similar words abound, and the pages bristle with such expressions as fork over, hurry up the cakes, the jig is up, jiminy, killing, to kick up a row, kinder, kilter, loaf, lovyer.

Spunk, underwood, improperly called in some parts punk, is given only in the incorrect form.

The Indian sled, *tabogan*, is given *tarbogin*.

Thackeray.—Mr. Thackeray's brain weighed almost four pounds. Yet it could not stand the pressure to which he subjected it. Literary men work too much in these days, and in that way they really accomplish less than would follow from a better division of their time between industry and idleness. It is common to attribute all kinds of evil to idleness, but work is to idleness what David was to Saul. If idleness has caused the deaths of thousands, work has caused the deaths of tens of thousands. They say that the world is governed too much, and probably it is; but we are certain that it is overworked.

Mr. Thackeray was buried at Kensal Green, a necropolis that is fast becoming famous for the celebrities which it converts to dust. It is one of the ampiest of the bosoms of kind Mother Earth, to which she takes her children for a long sleep, when they have become weary of the world.

☞ If you want to be a "swell" of the first water get the dropsy.

## SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Women's Pennsylvania Branch,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Mr. Caleb Cope, *Treasurer*,
*N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor Sts., Phila.*

### Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. Grier, *Ch'rm'n.*
Mrs. B. H. Moore, *Cor. Sec.*
Mrs. George Plitt, *Rec. Sec.*
} Ex-Officio.
Mrs. W. H. Furness.
Mrs. Lathrop.
Miss M. M. Duane.
Mrs. Phoebe M. Clapp, *Assis. Sec.*

Considerable alarm was caused on Sunday morning, Jan. 24th, by the report of a fire at the Rooms of the Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut St. Prompt measures were taken, however, and the fire was soon extinguished but with little loss. It originated from a cigar stump thrown into a wooden spittoon, which burned a hole through the floor, and fell into the cellar below, igniting the boxes which stood there, containing jellies and other stores. Part of the floor, a desk which stood near, and some papers, were burned before the flames could be extinguished; but a plentiful application of cold water soon forced them to yield: the carpets, open boxes of clothing, &c., were drenched with water; but some enterprising members of the Board unpacked the boxes, wrung out all the articles, and hung them up in long tiers to dry; a work which was not accomplished without the labor of many hours, but which will effectually prevent any injury to the clothing and material. The loss, slight as it is, is fully covered by insurance, and nothing further than a mere temporary inconvenience will result from the fire.

The Convention of delegates from the various Womens' Branches of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, which was held last week in Washington, was one of the most interesting occasions at which it has ever been our privilege to be present. About fifty delegates were in attendance, representing the Northern, Eastern and Western Branches of the Commission, and bringing a large and varied store of experience and information to contribute to the general fund.

Dr. Bellows, the able and enlightened President of the Central Board, presided at the Convention: which was favored also by the presence of Dr. Newberry, and Mr. Knapp, Secretaries of the Eastern and Western Departments, as well as of Dr. Jenkins and Mr. Alfred J. Bloor, the Secretaries of the Central Board and of the local department at Washington. The Convention was opened on the evening of the 18th inst. by a clear and comprehensive statement from Dr. Bellows, of the origin and office of the Sanitary Commission: explaining its mode of action, and the details of its working, as well as defining its connection with the Government agencies, showing in what respects they work *together*, and how the Sanitary Commission, without trenching on the duties of the Government, or *relieving it of any of its rightful responsibility*, takes up the work where the Government leaves it, and supplies a place which it is utterly impossible for the latter to fill. This is particularly the case in regard to the thousands of soldiers, discharged for inability, and released to return to their homes, but who, utterly unable to reach them unassisted, would perish by the way, but for the prompt and systematic aid of the Commission, which provides temporary homes and resting places for them, and by means of suitable officers, examines their papers, investigates their claims, procures their pensions, when due to them, and forwards them safely and comfortably to their respective homes. Various other points were touched upon, particularly the necessity of employing a body of *paid agents* in a cause like this, in order to ensure a prompt and unhesitating obedience which cannot be enforced upon volunteers: and it was stated that in addition to the voluntary services given by the heads of the Department and the members of the Board, a corps of two hundred agents is maintained in the pay of the Commission, scattered over various parts of the field, and acting efficiently in its service. Other items of expenditure were specified, and the demand for a *large supply of money*, forcibly dwelt upon, as absolutely necessary to carry on the wide-spread work of the Commission. After this opening meeting, the sittings of the Convention were continued through the two following days, with unabated interest and animation—questions were asked and answered: difficulties propounded and solved: opinions compared and corrected, and a vast amount of information and anecdote contributed by the different delegates, tending to throw light upon the workings of the Commission and to deepen the interest felt in the cause.

We were particularly struck with the zeal and earnestness manifested by the *women* of the Commission, in the West and North-West, and the vast amount of good effected by them. One instance among many given, may served to illustrate the spirit that animates them. In the midst of one of the most bloody and fearful of the Western battles, and before any stores had reached the place, the Sanitary agent there telegraphed to Pittsburg, to send immediately 20 barrels of stock ale, 300 pounds of farina, and a large supply of bandages and lint. The message reached Pittsburg late in the afternoon, and the gentleman who received it, declared it was impossible to send the articles that night, observing that they might as well have sent an order to forward the Alleghany Mountains. "Not quite," observed an earnest and whole-hearted woman, a devoted worker in the cause of the Commission, who was present at the time, "not quite, for the Alleghany Mountains couldn't be sent, and these things *shall* be sent, *to-night*." "My dear madam," replied the gentleman, "it is too late to attend to these things this evening! and I don't believe there are 20 barrels of stock ale to be had in Pittsburg." "I will see, at all events," she said, and ordering a carriage at once, she drove from brewery to brewery, till she secured all she wanted; and then procured the farina by a similar exertion! The lint and bandages were already on hand, packed in barrels ready to be sent wherever needed. "Now," said the lady to one of her assistants, "go to Vigilant, and Eagle Fire Companies, and tell the boys to bring their wagons and collect these things." The "boys" were on hand at once, a car was loaded with the needed articles and sent off *that night* with a telegram from the lady requesting to know what else was wanted, as it should be forwarded the next morning. Many other such incidents were narrated, which seemed to justify Dr. Bellows' assertion, that the *women* of this country are in reality the life and soul of the Sanitary movement, and that wherever any great good has been done, or any humane end accomplished by it, there women would be found to have worked the springs, and kept the machinery in motion. Several ladies who had been with the army for months at a time as agents of the Commission, gave most interesting details of the results of their experience while there. They particularly attracted attention to the position of the nurses and army surgeons, whom they thought to be generally, (though of course with some unworthy exceptions,) a hard-working, self-sacrificing, and much slandered set of people. Often toiling day and night without rest and without a sufficiency of nourishing food to keep up their strength. The nurses, many of them are convalescent soldiers, scarcely able, often, to exert themselves at all. And in other cases, women far from robust, who need all the nourishing food they can get, to enable them to keep up under their arduous duties: so that instead of grudging these toiling laborers the little wholesome food they *do* get (as is too often proved to be the case among the wellfed stayers-at-home,) we should be careful to send them down an abundant over supply, so that they, as well as the patient's under their care, may be well supported and strengthened through our rightful care. Our present limits will not permit us to enter upon the other topics which were discussed, but the Convention closed, with a universal feeling of satisfaction at the result of the experiment, and of gratification at the instruction it had been the means of affording.

Our Associate Managers will please furnish us with the names of persons to whom they would like us to forward the "Sanitary Commission Bulletin." We desire to send copies to all our auxiliary societies, and to all persons who would be willing to interest themselves in behalf of our sick and suffering soldiers, and to aid in any way the cause in which we are engaged.

Another Grandson.—Queen Victoria has now nine children and four grand-children, though she has not yet completed her forty-fifth year. The Prince of Wales was married on the 10th of March, 1863, and became a father on *Friday*, the 8th of January, 1864. The child will not have any title conferred upon him, but will simply have the title "Prince" prefixed to his Christian name.

The *London Post* says that during the afternoon of this memorable Friday the Prince of Wales spent the afternoon on the ice at Virginia Water, his wife regarding his movements with great interest. The Post add:

"His Royal Highness proved himself a first-rate skater and player, being as active with his hickory stick as he was on his skates, and puzzled many of the most expert players. The Princess of Wales, who is an excellent skater, seemed much interested in the game, and was occasionally driven about in a sledge. The Princess left Virginia Water at four o'clock."

"We learn, on the best authority," says the London Times of the 12th, "that the infant Princess, though only a seven-months' child, is in excellent health. For the information of the gentler portion of our readers, who are curious in these matters, it is stated that the exact weight of the infant Prince after his birth was nine pounds. Her Majesty again visited the Princess and her infant son at Frogmore on Tuesday afternoon, and stayed till a late hour, after which her Majesty returned to the castle. The late interesting event was expected to have taken place in March, at Marlborough House, where every preparation had been made for the advent of 'the little stranger,' and no provision had been made for the sudden accession to the Prince's family at Frogmore. Flannel and a few other things absolutely necessary, were, however, hastily procured from the establishment of Messrs. Caley, High street, Windsor, and on Sunday the whole of the articles at Marlborough House were received at Frogmore."

On Tuesday addresses of congratulation were voted by the Court of Common Council to the Queen and Prince and Princess of Wales. The Town Council of Wakefield has voted similar addresses.

☞ Not Taum.—The report about the conversion of the German rationalist Strauss, the noted author of the Life of Jesus, is not correct. A very recent number of the German *Journal of Scientific Theology* contains a contribution from his pen, in which he very distinctly denies the resurrection of Christ. "The resurrection," he says, "must be interpreted as a spiritual act."—*Presbyterian Standard.*

☞ "Tommy, what does b-e-n-e-h spell?" "Don't know, ma'am." "What, you little numbskull, what are you sitting on?" Tommy (looking sheepish)—"I don't like to tell."

☞ Professor Johnson says that a pound of cheese is equal in nutritive value to two pounds of flesh. The Europeans seem to be better acquainted with this fact than our own people. With us, cheese is regarded rather as a luxury, while in England it is considered one of the substantial articles of food, and it is not uncommon for workmen there to make a full meal on bread and cheese alone.

☞ Land in the Poultry, a street in the centre of the city of London, is worth a million and a half pounds sterling an acre.

☞ The Saints Ignored.—A Doctor of Divinity in this vicinity, who has become somewhat noted for his adhesion to Ecclesiastical forms of late, recently dated several friendly notes to a brother clergyman, whose tendencies are in an opposite direction, on Saints' Days. Upon receiving a note dated Saint Thomas's Day, the recipient made a reply on Monday, and dated his epistle, "Washing Day."—*Boston Transcript.*

## LATEST NEWS.

### A New Draft for 500,000 Men.

Executive Mansion, Washington, Feb. 1, 1864.—Ordered, that a draft for five hundred thousand men, to serve for three years, or during the war, be made, on the 10th day of March next, for the military service of the United States, crediting and deducting therefrom so many as may have been enlisted or drafted into the service prior to the 1st day of March, and not heretofore credited.

[Signed] Abraham Lincoln.

A dispatch from Washington states that it is believed that this order includes the last call for three hundred thousand men, and is in reality a call for only two hundred thousand additional men.

A dispatch from the headquarters of the army in Western Virginia says that on Thursday night, January 28, a train of 80 wagons, with commissary stores, sent from New Creek to the garrison at Petersburg, with an escort of 800 men, was attacked by 2,000 concealed rebels, three miles south of Williamsport. A sharp fight occurred, with a loss of 80 Federals and 100 rebels. A portion of the train was saved. Petersburg is again threatened.

The intelligence from North Carolina continues to give evidence of the growing discontent among the people with the rebel rule, and a desire to hold a State Convention. Meetings are being held in different counties in favor of a State Convention.

Advices from Charleston, state that one shot per hour was fired into the city on the 24th ult., and seven shots were fired on Sumter. On the 21st one hundred and three fuse shells were thrown into the city.

Official advices of the cavalry fight at Fair Gardens, Tennessee, have been received from Gen. Grant. Two steel rifled guns and over one hundred prisoners were captured by the Union forces.

The U. S. army in Georgia is advancing and the rebels are retreating. But one division of the latter remains in the vicinity of Dalton, and the rebels are supposed to have gone to Mobile or East Tennessee.

Scottsville, Ky., has been captured by the rebels.

By the Evening Star, at New York, we have advices from New Orleans to the 24th ult. There has been another revolution in Matamoras, and Gen. Cortinas is again in power. A desperate fight occurred on the 15th, and Gen. Ruiz was defeated. At Havana it was reported that Juarez was at Monterey, and that he would retire to Texas if hard pushed.

### HOW TO TREAT FROZEN LIMBS.

The New York Evening Post, in an article on this subject, says that frozen limbs should never be rubbed. The juices of the fleshy tissues, when frozen in their minute sacs or cells, at once become in each of these enclosures crystals, having a large number of angles and sharp points; and hence rubbing the flesh causes them to cut or tear their way through the tissues, so that when it is thawed, the structure of the muscle is more or less destroyed. The proper mode of treatment is thus stated:

"When any part of the body is frozen, it should be kept perfectly quiet till it is thawed out, which should be done as promptly as possible. As freezing takes place from the surface inwardly, so thawing should be in the reverse order, from the inside outwardly. The thawing out of a portion of flesh, without at the same time putting the blood from the heart into circulation through it, produces mortification; but by keeping the more external parts still congealed till the internal heat and the external blood gradually soften the more interior parts, and produce circulation of the blood as fast as thawing takes place, most of these dangers are obviated."

Speaking of the application of snow, the writer says:

"If the snow which is applied be colder than the frozen flesh, it will still further abstract the heat and freeze it worse than before. But if the snow is of the same temperature, it will keep the flesh from thawing till the heat from the rest of the body shall have effected it, thus preventing gangrene. Water, in which snow or ice has been placed, so as to keep its temperature at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, is probably better than snow."

☞ Engaged for Life.—Madame Succa, of the Berlin opera, is such a favorite there that she has been engaged *for life* at an enormous salary, with a six months' vacation annually to rest herself.

☞ Artificial marble has been obtained both by Sir James Hall, of England, and Professor Rose, of Prussia, by subjecting chalk to a high heat in a close vessel.

☞ The rebels write their secret letters with sulphuric acid freely diluted with spring water, and held before the fire, the letters turn black. A quill pen must be used.

☞ The law of Pekin, China, ordains that if a man is not married at twenty he shall be drummed out of town!

☞ The Marquis of Hartington, he who wore a secession badge at a New York ball, and who has lately libelled the United States in a speech to his constituents, has shown that his contempt of our people has one exception, namely: Heenan. Though he holds the position of Under Secretary of War, and though prize fights are illegal in England, he attended the great struggle between Heenan and King with a party of "officers and gentlemen." Beginning thus at the lowest representative of American society, he may work up by degrees to a perception of the merits of our generals and statesmen.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ American oysters have been planted at Havre, being considered superior to the natives.

## LOVE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. MASON.

I did not ask it thee! That is not love
That waits to be entreated; love is free
As God's own life, and of itself doth move.
Should I say, "Love me?" Rather let me prove
Myself to be love worthy; then let be.
And yet, what wretched shame our sad eyes see!
"I love my Love because my Love loves me."
Oh, pitiful! Hast thou no gage above
Another's thought by which to rate thine own—
No worthier trust nor surer corner-stone
To build thy temple of sweet hopes upon?
God help thee at thy need, and give thee strength
To bear the shock of trial, when, at length,
Thine hour shall write thee desolate and undone!

Sitting in this sweet stillness all alone,
I thank my God that, with mine eyes upon
His holy stars, I can say reverently,
I love my Love because in him I see
Great nobleness, most worthy of all love;
A soul all meannesses and feints above;
A manly front that dares to face the Right—
That, shouldering Truth, stands ready for the fight,
And following Duty, walks in her sweet light.
O ye glad stars that overspread the night!
I cannot see you for these happy tears,
Yet know you shining still. So Love appears.
I cannot pierce these misty, human years,
That hide God's great hereafter; yet I know
My love still shining there as here below,
Only with purer, more ecstatic glow.
For is not love immortal? Stars shall fall,
And the weird music of the jostling spheres
Crash into silence! Love, *my* love, o'er all
Shall throb its calm, grand pæan undismayed,
By nothing daunted and of nought afraid,
Though old worlds crumble, or though new be made!

Yet I am human. Father! help me, lest,
'Mid earth's defilements, I should bear unblest
The large contentment of my life's sweet lot;
Lest in the gift the Giver be forgot,
Whose name is Love—without whom love is not.
Of thine own fullness, thine own strength bestow;
So, leaning over on thy gracious breast,
Keeping my life's love sacred as a guest
That shall abide forever—nay, as part
Of my own soul, immortal as the rest—
I shall not need to pass the veil in quest
Of thee and thy dear angels, but shall know
My heaven on earth, my bliss begun below.
"Amen!" my heart replies; "Amen! 'tis even so."

—*Christian Inquirer.*

## MR. SURLY HARDBAKE'S GHOST STORY.

"Now for Uncle Surly," cried Miss Ada, "I'll be bound Uncle Surly can tell us a ghost story as well as the rest." We were all gathered together in the great red dining-room of Mr. Hardbake (the married). The widow was there; the swell with the dove-tail whiskers was there; the rector of the parish, who had conceived a sort of suspicion of Mr. Surly Hardbake, on account of his having exposed, as he called it, the poverty of the clergy, was there; his wife, fat and jolly as the widow herself, easy and indolent was there; the medical man of the village was there; a poor relation, with the proper poor-relation smirk upon his features, and a tremendous shirt-collar, was there also. Mr. Hardbake the married, sitting in his easy-chair, with the blaze of a true Christmas fire shining full upon his handsome beaming face, his wife beside him, his pretty daughters grouped about, looked the very personification of that wedded bliss which Mr. Surly Hardbake had denied himself. Mr. Surly sat also in the blaze of the fire, happy, too, in his way, as he always was in this happy family circle. His aspect was a little less surly than usual. A good dinner had done its work, and good mellow port had rubbed out some of the creases in his old face.

"Yes, Uncle Surly, you must give us a ghost story," said Miss Ada.

The cynic looked up. "Well, but I've told you all of 'em over and over again. You know all about the fellow who went to sleep in the old castle, and the ghost who came and shaved him; and the conjuror ghost who came to the lady when she was asleep, and when she woke and wouldn't believe he was a ghost at all, passed all the curtains through one of the curtain rings to prove it, and then caught her by the wrist and burnt the impression of his fingers in it. You know all about the ghost of an old woman who sat by the poor gentleman's bedside, in the dress of his great-grandmother's time—"

"Yes—yes—we know all these stories well enough, and don't believe in them; but tell us something new."

"Don't believe in 'em, eh!—that's a nice beginning. I never saw such people as there are in the present generation; they are all skeptics. In my day we used to believe in the ghost stories honestly enough, and our hair used to stand on end, as it ought to do. Why, I would have given a king's ransom, had I possessed it, rather than have gone to bed alone after my father had told us about that old lady ghost, with the high-heeled shoes. Then you want something new, just as if there ever was a new ghost story. Don't they all begin pretty much in the same way—a castle, or an old inn, a room that is scarcely ever used, and a poor chap of a traveller who comes that way, and can't get anywhere but in this very room; of course he can't."

"Well, but, uncle," broke in pretty Miss Ada, "mamma says you saw a ghost yourself once, and we want to hear about that, and don't care for any other."

"Yes," cried Miss Mary, turning back her brown curls and looking up, "let us have your own particular ghost, and then we can promise to believe it."

Mr. Surly's countenance changed. The smile with which he had spoken his last words disappeared, and he became thoughtful, and fixed his eyes upon the fire, as if gazing backwards through long years upon some bygone time but dimly remembered.

"Hang it," he broke out, "I say, brother, what a queer thing superstition is; that adventure, or whatever you call it, of mine, always makes my flesh creep when I think of it. It's a good thirty years ago since it happened, and yet my hair begins to bristle now when I recollect it. I suppose it must be because I never could account for it."

"It was a queer thing, and startled us all at the time, I remember," said his brother; "the young folks never heard you tell it, so you had better give it to them."

"If you think I'm going to venture on a ghost story without a hot glass of whiskey and water to begin upon, you are mistaken. Mary, my dear, reach the lemon. Now, you old sinner, lend a hand with the hot water. There goes the whiskey, a double dose. Now then—here's a health to all good Conservative ghosts, and confusion to all American Radical humbugs of spirit-rappers and lying mediums. There! I'm ready now for any amount of ghost-seeing. Well, how am I to begin?

"'Once upon a time'—there's nothing like the old beaten track. I always relish stories that begin in that way; they smell of my youth somehow—Once upon a time, when I was a young man; and the widow there was a girl; and the doctor was a tipsy medical student; and the swell with the bat's-wing whiskers was a mewling infant; and my nieces were not born; and their father and mother were courting—

"Dear, dear, what a commencement," said the widow.

"In that bygone day I had no wrinkles in my face, and lots of hair on my head, and a nice fresh color, like a rose in a dewy May-day—when, in fact, I was a likely young fellow, and not a bit 'Surly'—I was in love, helplessly in love, as I thought, with a girl about four years older than myself. You remember what a pretty girl Edith Gardiner was, brother? I'm not a good hand at describing women; they are all alike to me now; but I know that Edith had great blue eyes, and a regular wilderness of light-brown hair; that she had pretty hands, pretty feet, and a waist which was a good deal too—slender to be natural or healthy. I know that she shot me through the heart with those big blue eyes of hers, and that if she had chosen to take hold of my nose with her little hand, she could had led me all round the world like a pet puppy."

"Even if you had been a poor curate," said the widow."

"And your Bishop had forbidden you to marry," said Mrs. Hardbake. "Yes, even if all that had been the case," said Mr. Surly. "Well, you see, I was living at my father's house at that time—an old-fashioned place enough, wasn't it, Joe, very like this house we are in now by-the-bye?"—

"What nonsense," interrupted his married brother, "it *was* this house, everybody knows that, you old humbug."

"Well, it was this house, of course. You came into the world first, and so you have got possession of it, you see, and I am condemned to a den in the Temple. The elder get the dirty acres and the younger the brains! Well, well. Miss Edith stayed here some two months visiting our sister, and in those two months I was chained hand and foot. I fished with her, hunted with her, shot with her; for the little vixen was even fond of shooting, and every day I fell deeper and deeper in love. I used to sit staring at her at night, when she was talking to my sister, lost in blind admiration, and used to pull myself up suddenly and turn away my eyes by force, remembering what a young simpleton I was. Miss Edith never cared for me, that was clear. I was a boy in her eyes—four years younger. Oh! how miserable those four years made me.—I felt it a curse to be so young. If I were only four years older I felt persuaded she would love me—had she not been so desperately confidential with my sister I might have hugged myself in the thought that she might not be aware of my heinous defect of juvenility; but, alas! my sister told her bosom friend, Edith, everything, and so, of course, she had told her that. I sat day after day and puzzled my brains, wondering how I could get over my uncomfortable want of age. What could I do? I sat and smoked my pipe on a barrel of gunpowder, would it *make* any difference? It might to *me*, perhaps, and effectually prevent my getting any older. If I went abroad, and led a forlorn hope, or bagged a brace of tigers, or carried home a rhinoceros as the fruit of my rifle, would it do any good? I didn't know, but I was ready any day to try; and, with the blue eyes of Edith spurring me on, I would have faced a jungle full of tigers, or played at Ride-and-seek with half-a-dozen 'rogue' elephants. It was very heart-breaking to me to feel how certainly I was regarded as only a boy by the lady of my love. She would talk with me familiarly enough, joke with me freely, flirt a bit with me, but I could see I was only just the plaything on which she tried her hand to be ready for more serious game. Once or twice I really forgot my terrible youth, and was going to say something serious to her, but when I blushed she laughed, and said I was a silly boy, and so I collapsed at once.

"She and my sister were hand-and-glove, and I wasn't long in discovering that Edith had a real lover, an Indian officer, not a mere boy like poor me, but a great fierce-looking chap, who sent a miniature of his detestable self in a letter to her one morning. With what pleasure I could have smashed the miniature, and put a bullet into the officer's 'ugly carcase,' as I called it to myself! I soon found out more—that Edith and the officer were engaged, and that she was shortly to be married, and go with him to the Presidency of Madras. From that time I grew melancholy, and could not summon up courage to joke or flirt with Edith; I could only fix my eyes upon her and adore silently, till my sister used to laugh at me for my simplicity, and my brother there would give me a sound dig in the ribs with his fists to rouse me.

"Edith saw plainly enough at last that I was over head and ears in love with her, and so she jokingly told me she couldn't have me this time, but that I should be her 'second'—small consolation that, though, to be sure, she was going to marry a soldier, and soldiers do get killed off sometimes, you know. At last the terrible time came when she was to leave our house, and I was never to see her again as Edith Gardiner. I can't tell you how I got over that morning; I took a kiss of her, and then slunk away out of sight in the green-house, to cry about her. I believe I half made a resolution never to wash my mouth again, so that the kiss should always remain there. She went, and I moped and moped like a young fool as I was. About a month after, in the winter-time, my sister went up to London, to be one of Edith Gardiner's bridesmaids, and the next day she returned with glowing accounts of everything. Edith was dressed so and so, and so and so and so; and the bridesmaids wore this and that; and there were heaps of plate and profusion of flowers, and Captain Scoreswell looked so noble, and the bells rang so merrily, and the speeches were so funny, and so pathetic; in fact, it was a wedding of weddings, and they were to sail to-morrow. The morrow came, and the next day, and the next. I had taken to smoking a cigar the last thing at night, in the shrubbery, before turning into bed, and there I used to walk in the dim starlight winter nights, and look up at the stars, fancying that they were shining upon the sea and the ship, and that she was there happy with her captain husband, and had forgotten poor me entirely, and that I was very lonely, and life generally was a mistake, but mine particularly a vast error, and that the sooner I died and was buried out of the way the better. On the third night after Edith sailed there rose a great wind-storm. It howled and howled among the tree trunks and branches of our shrubbery as though it was playing upon the chords of a titanic Eolian harp. Every now and then rotten, and even sound branches, broke off with a crack, and came tumbling among their fellows. The clouds were high, and drifted along at a tremendous pace, but the sky was not entirely covered by them, so that at times we got a patch of moonlight or starlight, and the next moment were plunged into darkness. It was a weird night, such an one as we might imagine the wild horseman began his ride in, or the Spectre Knight came ringing at the door for Leonora, or in which the witches mounted their broomsticks to go to the midnight feast at the top of Pendle-hill. I could not rest in the house, wild as the night was, and so I took my cigar as usual, and walked in the shrubbery, revelling in the crackling of the branches, the driving of the clouds, and howling of the storm wind, and wondering if the storm was as fierce on sea as on land, thinking of Edith and her husband, and their ship tossing on the great ocean. I had taken two or three turns along the shrubbery walk, when there came a heavier gust of wind than any of the preceding ones. The moon became totally obscured by a great pile of clouds, the trees strained and groaned their loudest, the earth of the walk upon which I was seemed to shake as the trees were dashed backwards and forwards, tugging at their roots as a vessel strains at its cable. Suddenly—from whence it came I could not discover—I heard what seemed to me a piercing cry as if for help, and there before me, at a little distance, I could not tell whether on the ground or in the air, appeared a something white—a woman's figure—scarcely defined, thin and vapory; and again I fancied I heard through the howling of the storm the cry for help. Something in the accents struck me to the very heart. It was the voice of Edith Gardner. I have said I could not tell whether the figure was on the earth or in the air; and sure enough, as it uttered the last scream, a something great, black, and indescribable, more like the hull of a ship than anything else, seemed to be bearing down upon me. Between the trunks of the trees, and on the top of this, stood the figure, waving its arms, and turning its head upwards, as if in frantic appeals to Heaven. Nearer it came, the black hull and the white figure—nearer and nearer. My blood curdled in my veins. I caught hold of a tree trunk for support, and gazed at the white figure with a species of fascination. Just as the black hull seemed about to bear down upon me and crush me, the moon peeped from the edge of the cloud, shone full upon the figure, and revealed the face—white with fear, or agony, or death—of Edith Gardiner. At that moment she turned her arms wildly in the air, and seeming partly to leap, partly to fall from the mysterious something upon which she stood, both it and she seemed, in a moment, to melt away and disappeared. The raging wind swept, with an angry howl, through the trees, as if it had seized them in its maw, and a heavy branch of a tree falling on my back felled me to the ground.

"Not injured seriously, but bruised, and bewildered, and terrified, I picked myself up and ran to the house.

"The next day intelligence came that the ship *Aleanza*, bound for India, in which had sailed Captain and Mrs. Scoreswell, had gone down with all hands on the preceding night, in a fearful storm in the Channel."

J. J. B.

## A WISH.

Dreary are the nights in winter,
When the north winds blow,
Shouting, shaking at the casement,
With a mighty woe—

Panting, sobbing through the darkness
Like a child that grieves;
Moaning at the doorway—creeping
Low, about the eaves.

But to-night the snow is lying
In a still moon-light—
Oh, my Love—whom Death has hidden,
Visit me to-night!

Can you hear me through the raptures
Of the shining fields?
Where the waste of rose and lily,
Breath of Eden yields;

Where you walk with troops of spirits
Purged from earthly tears—
Can you hear? For one short vision,
I would linger years.

Come, my Love! the snow is shining;
You may walk in white,
As upon the floor of heaven,
If you come to-night—

Not a print of mortal treading—
It is chastely meet—
You may walk, nor fear the soiling
Of your gentle feet.

Come! the dawn will shine upon it,
The great face of day—
Like a dream—in tears and silence,
It will melt away.

## GREEK FIRE.

The bombarding of Charleston with shells, containing a material that has been called "Greek Fire," has very naturally been the means of drawing attention to the celebrated Oriental composition, which, under that name, has acquired fame in history. After the lapse of many ages, it cannot be reasonably expected that any very precise record of the terrible ancient, or rather mediæval compound, will be forthcoming; nevertheless, the historical records which have been handed down concerning it may possess a legitimate interest just now.

Historically regarded, Greek fire may be contemplated as filling a sort of middle epoch—the space of time intervening between the ancient and the modern system of conducting warfare. By the ancient system we mean that characterized by the use of projectiles, not hurled by the elastic force of expanding gases, the result of combustion; in other words, by the force of gunpowder, and the adoption of this latter agent. Such indication is not correct to the absolute, inasmuch as we shall discover presently that the use of Greek fire and that of gunpowder overlap mutually, as to speak; that is to say, the former had not quite gone out by the time the latter had come in. Shortly after the establishment of the eastern empire, notices of the use of Greek fire occur in historical records, and various statements in regard to its employment can be found at least up to the 14th century; wherefore, the general statement may be made, that the compound in question was essentially a war agent of the mediæval ages. Notwithstanding an opinion of Datens to the contrary, there seems no good cause for believing that the material of Greek fire was known to the ancient Greeks. Impartial study of historical records bearing upon the question leads to the alternative conclusion that either the Byzantines invented Greek fire, or, what seems more probable, learned the secret of its preparation from the Asiatics, with whom they had intimate relations. Gibbons adopts the former hypothesis, and Beckmann coincides. According to him, the precise year of its discovery was A.D. 678, during the reign of the Emperor Constantine Pogonatus. If we may trust the same authority, the discovery was made by Callinicus, an architect of Heliopolis, the city afterwards called Balbeck; and he also states that Greek fire continued to be used without interruption until the end of the 13th century. Procopius, in his history of the Goths, calls it "Medea's oil," and attributes the invention of it to that sorceress. According to the author of "L'Esprit des Croisades," Greek fire had been employed as a war agent by the natives of India and China from time immemorial. Entering into particulars respecting the use of Greek fire during the crusades, the same author states that it was thrown from a machine called a "petrary," and when flying through the air it appeared like a sword of fire, or rather a dragon—making a great noise, and projecting a vast body of flame. He further relates that the terror which it caused in the army of Saint Louis was such that Gauthier de Cariel, a brave and experienced knight, advised his companions-in-arms to fall down in prayer for deliverance so often as the Greek fire was thrown, seeing that human precaution, in such a case, nothing availed. The counsel, according to our author, was followed; and, moreover, the King being a-bed in his tent, raised himself up whenever the Greek fire was thrown, and, lifting his hands to Heaven, implored deliverance. According to Geoffroy de Vinesauf, who accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to Palestine, Greek fire evolved a horrible stench, and darted forth lurid flames, inextinguishable by water, and consuming stone and iron alike: this latter account, doubtless, is an exaggeration. The assumption that Greek fire was employed by Byzantines and Asiatics alone, would be altogether wide of the mark. Crusaders having experienced the terrors of Greek fire, and learned how to make it, they and their successors used the material on many occasions of European warfare. Thus, for example, when in 1383 the Bishop of Norwich laid siege to Ypres, the garrison of that city is stated to have defended themselves so well, particularly with Greek fire, *and certain engines called cannons*, that the English were forced to raise the siege with such precipitation that all their large engines of war were left behind.

To complete the mediæval history of this subject, we give the well-known passage in Gibbon:*—

"In the two sieges, the deliverance of Constantinople may be chiefly ascribed to the novelty, the terrors, and the real efficacy of the *Greek fire*. The important secret of compounding and directing this artificial flame was imparted by Callinicus, a native of Heliopolis in Syria, who deserted from the service of the caliph to that of the Emperor. The skill of a chemist and engineer was equivalent to the succor of fleets and armies; and this discovery or improvement of the military art was fortunately reserved for the distressful period, when the degenerate Romans of the East were incapable of contending with the warlike enthusiasm and youthful vigor of the Saracens. The historian who presumes to analyze this extraordinary composition should suspect his own ignorance and that of his Byzantine guides, so prone to the marvellous, so careless, and, in this instance, so jealous of the truth. From their obscure, and perhaps fallacious hints, it should seem that the principal ingredient of the Greek fire was the *naphtha*, or liquid bitumen, a light, tenacious, and inflammable oil, which springs from the earth, and catches fire as soon as it comes in contact with the air. The naphtha was mingled, I know not by what methods or in what proportions, with sulphur, and with the pitch that is extracted from evergreen firs. From this mixture, which produced a thick smoke and a loud explosion, proceeded a fierce and obstinate flame, which not only rose in perpendicular ascent, but likewise burnt with equal vehemence in descent or lateral progress; instead of being extinguished, it was nourished and quickened by the element of water; and sand, urine, or vinegar, were the only remedies that could damp the fury of this powerful agent, which was justly denominated by the Greeks the *liquid*, or the *maritime* fire. For the annoyance of the enemy, it was employed with equal effect, by sea and land, in battles or in sieges. It was either poured from the rampart in large boilers, or launched in red hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil; sometimes it was deposited in fire ships, the victims and instruments of a more ample revenge, and was most commonly blown through long tubes of copper, which were planted on the prow of a galley, and fancifully shaped into the mouths of savage monsters, that seemed to vomit a stream of liquid and consuming fire. This important art was preserved at Constantinople, as the palladium of the state; the galleys and *artillery* might occasionally be lent to the allies of Rome; but the composition of the Greek fire was concealed with the most jealous scruple, and the terror of the enemies was increased and prolonged by their ignorance and surprise. * * * By these precautions the secret was confined, above four hundred years, to the Romans of the East; and, at the end of the 11th century, the Pisans, to whom every sea and every art were familiar, suffered the effects, without understanding the composition, of the Greek fire. It was at length either discovered or stolen by the Mohammedans; and, in the holy wars of Syria and Egypt, they retorted an invention, contrived against themselves, on the heads of the Christians. A knight, who despised the swords and lances of the Saracens, relates, with heartfelt sincerity, his own fears, and those of his companions, at the sight and sound of the mischievous engine that discharged a torrent of the Greek fire, the *feu Gregeois*, as it is styled by the more early of the French writers. 'It came flying through the air,' says Joinville, 'like a winged long-tailed dragon, about the thickness of a hogshead, with the report of thunder and the velocity of lightning; and the darkness of the night was dispelled by this deadly illumination.' The use of the Greek, or, as it might now be called, of the Saracen fire, was continued to the middle of the 14th century, when the scientific or casual compound of nitre, sulphur, and charcoal effected a new revolution in the art of war and the history of mankind."

The very usual opinion has prevailed that the effects of Greek fire were so far more terrible than the effects of any modern agents of destruction, that military engineers of our own period would be desirous of learning its exact composition for employment now. This is a mistake. Modern chemistry has revealed the secret of materials and compounds of far greater destructive energy than that of the celebrated mediæval fire, even if we base our opinions regarding it on the very highly-wrought testimony of contemporary historians. With respect to the actual composition of the material of Greek fire, the only precise testimony, so far as we are aware, is that of the Princess Anna Commena. According to that authority, the components of the material of Greek fire were resin, sulphur, and oil. A compound of that sort would have been very inflammable, but still not so inflammable as some compounds that could be made, or even as what we now call "rock oil."

Whatever the discrepancy of opinion in regard to the exact composition of original Greek fire, there can be none whatever as to the mechanical or physical state of it. The material of Greek fire was unquestionably a fluid; and, according to descriptions that have come down to the present time, it must have been employed in one of the two methods: either it must have been thrown shut up in fragile jars, or other vessels, which broke on impact and dispersed the liquid, or projected from tubes. The chief use of such a compound would be to cause the destruction of shipping, and what we should now denominate "dockyard stores." Against stone fortifications it could have availed but little.

It is very far from our intention to particularize any of the numerous chemical compounds and mechanical mixtures with which scientific men are conversant, that could, were it desirable, be substituted for the original material of Greek fire; nevertheless we may, without harm or impropriety, notice the characteristics of a few. Firstly, there is a compound known to chemists that not only burns spontaneously on coming into contact with the atmosphere, but which, during its combustion, evolves arsenical fumes. There are several which ignite spontaneously, and during combustion evolve poisonous fumes, still more deadly than those of arsenic. It fills the mind with sad thoughts to reflect that sin has sunk humanity so low, that the question, whether the use of any of these horrors should be deemed permissible, is gravely entertained; thus, nevertheless, it is. A consolation admits, however, of being drawn, from reflecting on the proposition, and it is this—hitherto every accession to war's destructive agencies has diminished the slaughter of warfare. That such result should be, seems very strange; but the fact, nevertheless, is indisputable. Consulting precedent, then, and reasoning analogically, there would seem fair grounds for believing that warfare may some day be made impossible as between *civilized* belligerents—how strangely misapplied does the expression seem!—because of the mutual fear of wholesale destruction.

* Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Chapt. LII. The original works and authorities are given by Gibbon in foot-notes.

THE VALUE OF IMAGINATION.—Without imagination, indeed, there can be no just and comprehensive philosophy; and without this there can be no true wisdom in dealing with practical affairs of wide and complex nature. The imaginative faculty is essential to the seeing of many things from one point of view, and to the bringing of many things to one conclusion. It is necessary to that fluency of the mind's operations which mainly contributes to its clearness. And, finally, it is necessary to bring about those manifold sympathies with various kinds of men in various conjunctures of circumstances, through which alone an active observation and living knowledge of mankind can be generated.—*Henry Taylor.*

☞ LONG EARS.—In a report of the proceedings of the Agricultural Meeting at Springfield, we find this astounding statement:—"A man who grew one hundred and thirteen bushels of Dutton corn per acre, had ears from twelve to fifteen inches in length."

## BESIDE THE RAILWAY TRACK.

On the straight iron pathway the long train was rushing,
With its noise and its smoke, and its great human load;
And I saw where a wild rose in beauty was blushing,
Fresh and sweet by the side of the hot dusty road.

Untrained were its branches,' untended it flourished,
No eye watched its opening or mourned its decay,
But its leaves by the soft dews of Heaven were nourished,
And it opened its buds in the warm light of day.

I asked why it grew there, where none prized its beauty?
For of thousands who passed none had leisure to stay:
And the answer came sweetly, "I do but my duty,
I was told to grow here by the side of the way."

There are those on life's pathway, whose spirits are willing
To dwell where the busy crowd passes them by;
But the dew from above on their leaves is distilling,
And they bloom 'neath the smile of the All-seeing Eye.

They are loved by the few;—like the rose, they remind us
When tempted from duty's safe pathway to stray,
We, too, have a place and a mission assigned us,
Though it be but to grow by the side of the way. S.

## NORMAN'S VISIT TO GUESTFORD.

### PART I.

On the morning of the 30th of September, 18—, I found myself on the Great Northern, in company with my friend John Norman, bound for my uncle Sir Ralph Evesham's place at Guestford. It is a nice house, and a good property, and, as it must come to me by the entail when the worthy baronet is gone, he makes a great point of my spending certain months down there, and acquiring a knowledge of my future duties as a landed proprietor. He is one of the best old fellows going, and, to please him, I strive hard to appear interested in the rotation of crops and the fattening of cattle, and to bestow something more than an uninstructed approval on the improvements he is making in the property. At any rate, I flatter myself I succeed in listening with an air of intelligent interest when he discourses on matters agricultural and bucolic, and perhaps that answers the purpose equally well.

It isn't a very lively place, Guestford, and Sir Ralph, who in his time had tasted the "delight of battle with his peers," and by no means overrated the local attractions, had always given me *carte blanche* to bring down any friend I could lay hands on to enliven my stay. I had known Norman well—few men better—nearly all my life, from the time when I was his fag at Harrow, but as yet he had never been with me to Guestford. It was much too quiet a place to suit him, I thought; he was not at all the man for ruralizing, and only found the country endurable when it came in the shape of an admirably appointed great house full of pleasant people; but at last he really was my companion to stay as long as he found it suit him, and it fell out thus:—

The season had been unusually pleasant. Our advance in civilization was markedly shown in the increased facilities presented for getting rid of money, and of most of these I, like a true "heir of all the ages," had freely availed myself. A month or so at Ems and Wiesbaden had completed the business, and, towards the end of September, I found myself under the necessity of seeking the bowers of Guestford several weeks sooner than I had intended. I had to stay a few days in town on my way, and the evening of my arrival, the first man I saw in the dining-room of the almost deserted club was Norman.

"My dear fellow," said he, "we don't know the true value of a friend till we are in adversity, or in London in September. I am unfeignedly glad to see you."

I thought he was at that moment off the coast of Algeria in Lord Stillbrook's yacht, and told him so.

"Stillbrook isn't going," said he. "Stillbrook is in love, or thinks so, which comes to the same thing. He has been trying every means to get up a consuming passion any time these three years, but never came across any woman who encouraged him enough to give him a decent pretext, so now his delight is childish. But, for all that, he had no right to throw us over at the last minute."

"Why did he not send you all off, and stay behind?"

"Of course, that arrangement would have suited everybody, and so Dick Scarsdale pointed out to him; but it seems the lady is staying somewhere in North Wales, on the coast, and Stillbrook thinks the possession of a yacht will add to his attractions. I suggested he should marry her at once, and bring her with us for the honeymoon; but he didn't seem to see that at all; in fact, he got quite angry at last, and said he didn't know why he hadn't as good a right to his own way as we had. Of course we demolished such a manifestly untenable proposition in no time."

"No doubt," laughed I; "but such amazing energy of self-assertion is something quite new for Stillbrook."

"Isn't it odd?" said Norman, musingly; "it seems so obviously the final cause of Stillbrook to provide yachts and such things for men like Scarsdale and me, who can't keep them ourselves, that it quite shocks one to see a man flying in the face of Providence in that way. I believe Scarsdale urged this very forcibly after I had gone, but failed to make any impression. His heart was hardened."

"It is very sad," said I; "but, meanwhile, what do you mean to do with yourself?"

"Can't say, I'm sure. I've refused several invitations already, because I had made up my mind to go with Stillbrook, and now, as the Fates seem to have pronounced against my enjoying myself, I almost think I shall accept their bidding. I can't stay longer up here; that is too much; but I shall go down to some quiet seaside place, and read and write for awhile. I have plenty to do in that way, and can easily occupy myself till better times return."

"You can do better than that," said I; "I am going down to Guestford the day after to-morrow. Come with me; it will be a personal favor to me. Sir Ralph will be charmed to make your acquaintance, and you can indulge in scholastic retirement to your heart's content." And so it was finally settled.

And here a few words on John Norman. He was a little my senior, and at the time I am writing of must have been about thirty. He had been called to the bar some years previously, but, as far as I know, had never done anything in his profession; but he wrote a good deal in an uncertain way, and by this means eked out a slender private fortune. When he pleased, few men could be more throughly charming, and his social success was already considerable; but there was about him a certain cynical indifference which he could not help showing, which repelled many. He was striking, rather than lovable. Women, however, seemed to find him very attractive; somehow they always *do* appreciate the satanic. Probably his personal appearance had a good deal to do with it. Though his stature was but mediocre, yet there certainly was something in the proud, clear-cut face, with its dark, eager eyes, that might account for the approving glances bestowed on it; to say nothing of a glossy black beard that would have done credit to a pasha. Any way he did exercise a fascination over most women, which he well knew, and, unless report belied him, availed himself of without stint.

"By-the-bye," said I, as we rolled along in the train, "you will meet a man at Guestford, whom I think you must remember at Cambridge—Newton, of Emmanuel."

"Of course I remember him," said Norman, taking the cigar from his lips. "I used to know him pretty well, though not so well as you did. He was a good fellow enough, and not without brains, too. What is he doing at Guestford? I thought he had gone into orders."

"So he has," said I, "and his father bought the next presentation to Guestford for him; and he succeeded old Dr. Whitty there only three or four months ago. It is a long time since I have been in the neighborhood, and I have not seen him yet. He is a married man now, with a couple of small children, I understand, and my cousin Jane writes that everybody is enchanted with Mrs. Newton. So you see there may be something to enliven your retreat, only spare your friends, and don't be the ruthless destroyer of poor Newton's domestic felicity, which I am told is quite paradisiacal."

"My dear Evesham," laughed Norman, "pray don't agitate yourself with needless apprehensions. I assure you I by no means deserve to be considered a Lovelace. Newton's Eden shall be quite safe from my serpent breath. I am going to luxuriate in Asiatic calm, and must absolutely decline to make love to maid or matron for some time to come."

We were warmly welcomed at Guestford by Sir Ralph, and his only child, my cousin Jane, a very nice, pleasant girl, but undeniably plain. Sir Ralph had often heard me talk of Norman, and I believe was really glad to see him. Norman was in excellent spirits, and exerted himself to make a good impression. I fancy, when once this love of social power has become a passion with a man, any triumph, however easily won, has its value, and I could see that Norman intensely enjoyed the fascination he was exercising over my uncle and his daughter. Jane had at least one charm for my friend—great skill in music, and a lovely voice, and she sang Mendelssohn and Schubert to him till I think he quite forgot whether she was pretty or not. We did not separate till late, Sir Ralph thanking Norman warmly for having given him the pleasure of his society, and hoping that he might find Guestford sufficiently endurable to induce him to make a long stay.

Jane had told me that the Newtons were coming to lunch the next day, so I put off meeting my old friend Frank until then, and strolled about with Norman, smoking. After awhile my uncle joined us, and the talk chanced to turn on classic poetry. Sir Ralph was no mean scholar—Norman a better, and the two soon got absorbed in their subject. The little Greek and Latin I ever succeeded in mastering had grown far too rusty to enable me to follow them, so, as the conversation was getting uninteresting to me, and lunch time was approaching, I left them, and went to see if the Newtons had come. I found Mrs. Newton with Jane; her husband was to follow shortly.

She really was very pretty and very charming. A tiny brunette, with not very regular features, but bewitching eyes, shy and downcast, yet with a latent fire about them. She was altogether one of those "primrose-faced" little women who seem made to be petted, and looked so young I could hardly fancy she was the mother of two children. There was a frank cordiality in her reception of me as an old friend of her husband's that quite took my heart by storm.

"Where did you leave Mr. Norman and papa, Charlie?" asked Jane.

"In the garden, quoting Horace by the yard," said I; "but they said they would be here directly: in fact, here they come, and Newton with them. I'll go and meet him. I chanced to glance towards Mrs. Newton as I spoke, and was somewhat surprised by the slight flush I noticed on her cheek. Is she so much in love with her husband, then, thought I, as to color at hearing he is near her, after being married three years? Good fellow, Newton—very; but I should hardly have thought the man to inspire a *grande passion*. But then, one man never *does* give another credit for being able to do that. At this moment Newton and Norman entered the room side by side. The rector was a tall man, light-haired, and large-limbed, somewhat loosely hung. His face was the very personification of honesty and genial good-nature, but it lacked the *distinction* that belonged to Norman's.

The room was large, and as Norman entered it he did not see its other occupants. I stood a moment talking to him and Newton at the door.

"Come," said the latter; "I see my wife: let me introduce you."

Norman was a firm believer in Brummell's dogma, that "a gentleman may be amused, but he should never suffer himself to be surprised." Nevertheless, he certainly was for a moment a prey to the vulgar emotion when he found himself face to face with Mrs. Newton. There was a coldness, almost, I fancied, a defiance in the silvery voice as she received him (without any of the *empressement* she had shown to me), saying,

"How do you do, Mr. Norman? I suppose you hardly expected to see me," adding, to her husband, "I have met Mr. Norman before, years ago, at Torquay."

She had had the advantage of Norman in previous preparation, but he was always master of any feelings he might have, and it was in the calmest of his calm tones that he replied:

"I never forget faces or voices, Mrs. Newton, and I am past being surprised at anything. I congratulate my friend Newton on being a still more fortunate man than I thought him."

The careful modulation of his voice, and the somewhat Grandisonian nature of his speech, were sufficient indications to one who knew him as well as I did, that all was not smooth within. He always became grammatical and elaborate when put out or vexed. I didn't like the symptoms; and then I bethought me of the flush I had observed on the lady's cheek awhile back. So ho, *ma petite*, thought I, is that to be put to Norman's account, and not to the rector's, after all? If he saw much of you, with your soft eyes and winning ways, the chances are that "years ago" he made more or less love to you. Deuce take it! I wish you had been as nice as you are, and anybody else. One comfort is, though, that you can't well be in love with one another at present, for he to my certain knowledge has been *epris* with a dozen women since he can have set eyes on you; and you, by all accounts, are devoted to your husband and children. And if you hate one another, it does not much matter, for you each of you have too much taste to show it offensively.

I sat by Mrs. Newton at luncheon, and once or twice ventured to allude to her previous acquaintance with Norman—for I always like understanding the "ile" of a country. I only discovered that she had met him four years ago, when he had, as I knew, been staying in South Devon. Certainly no one would have gathered from her manner that the subject was an unpleasant one, only that it had little interest for her. I began to think I had lighted upon a mare's nest. Norman sat at the other end of the table, talking to Newton and my cousin.—From his manner, thoroughly self-contained, and without the least effusion, I perceived that he was conscious of the presence in the social atmosphere of some hostile influence, but this might be only Newton. Poor Frank was a capital fellow, but his jokes were not the best, and he made puns and laughed very loudly at them, and altogether, there was a boisterous hilarity about him that rather overwhelms men with keen nerves. Besides, he was as glad as a schoolboy to see us both again. He had to go directly after luncheon, and his wife persisted in accompanying him, both promising to dine with us on the following day. I suggested to Norman to walk through the park with them, and smoke our cigars, which Mrs. Newton was good enough "rather to like." (I suspect the rector had pretty well broken her in to the weed.)

It was a lovely afternoon. Everything was bathed in that "soft lustre" which one never sees but at that time of the day at the end of September and the beginning of October. Newton was enthusiastic on "the effects;" Norman laughingly begged him to spare him.

"It isn't that I have anything to say against the sun and the woods," said he; "but really I have seen both so very often before. Partridges and pointers are the most pleasing objects to my vision:—

'In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.'"

He quoted lightly, but as he spoke looked full at Mrs. Newton. The shy eyes fell before his, and a slight change flitted over the beautiful face—not an angry one, it seemed to me. But she looked up and said, somewhat bitterly:—

"So not even Tennyson is safe from your irreverent hands, Mr. Norman."

Norman smiled.

"Tennyson and I are such very good friends, that you see I fancy I am entitled to take a little liberty with him when I like."

"I don't believe you really care for him a bit," said she; "you only say you do because now it is the fashion to like him."

"You bring very heavy charges against me, Mrs. Newton. First, that I do not really like Tennyson, which is bad enough; and next, which is worse, that I feign a taste I have not, out of a base subserviency to popular opinion."

"Norman's tones could be very winning when he chose. They seemed to influence Mrs. Newton now, for the mocking accent had quite died out of her voice as she answered hurriedly, playing nervously with her parasol,—

"If you really cared for poetry you would not laugh at Frank for liking the sunlight. And—and I think you *do* sometimes 'feign a taste you have not,' whatever you say."

Perhaps I was not intended to hear those last low words. Newton certainly did not, for he was still taken up with the view, and was not attending. How Norman looked I don't know, but he said nothing. Suddenly Mrs. Newton, to change the conversation, I rather fancy, began to admire some pretty purple and white flowers on the bank. I forget what she called them—"beautiful something or other,"—but I never could recollect those names. Norman gathered a handful and put them into her hand, saying:—

"Perhaps you won't believe that I care for wild flowers, Mrs. Newton, but I do—in my way."

She only said, "Thank you," and then, turning to her husband, took his arm, complaining of being tired. By this time we were at the gate, so, bidding them farewell for the present, we turned back.

We walked a few yards in silence.

"Well," said I, at last, "I did not know that you would meet another friend at Guestford."

"Yes," said he, "I used to meet her when I was staying at the Thornley's; but she was only there once or twice. Miss Lyddon she was then. She has hardly altered at all. She and Newton seem to suit each other well enough. How well that fellow wears!"

He seemed to hesitate as to whether he should say more. I did not press him, and he must have seen that I purposely forbore. My former suspicions were decidedly confirmed by the incidents of the walk, and had the lady not been Newton's wife, I should have tried a little "chaff" with Norman on the subject. But as it was, I thought that acquiescence in the view they both intended should be taken of their acquaintance was my wisest course. Any other might have produced embarrassment, perhaps, have led to Norman's departure; so I dismissed the subject from my mind.

We took a rather extended walk, then went in and played billiards until it was time to dress for dinner. The cloud, if there had been one, had entirely passed away from Norman. Jane was most anxious to know what we thought of Mrs. Newton; and Norman was far too cunning in conversational fence to *show* any wish to turn the conversation, whatever he may have felt. But even I could detect no *arriere pensee* in his manner. He spoke of their having met in old days just as he and she had already done, and praised her very much; not enthusiastically, to be sure, but he never was enthusiastic. Moreover, even when, as with Jane, he had no desire of conquest, he had trodden the warpath too long to be able so to violate its principles as to force upon the woman you are talking to the conviction that she is second in your thoughts. "Women," he would say, "are no doubt often *very* fond of each other. Their intimacies ripen to bosom friendship in twenty-four hours; and I *have* known cases where they have lasted three whole months. But, even with men, no one likes to think himself *really* subordinate to his friend; and a woman, you know, has no other test of her value than the way in which men treat her. The doctrine of reserve should be attended to in praising one woman to another, even when their friendship is at a white heat. You can't but have noticed that the usual *entente cordiale* between two spaniels becomes seriously overclouded if their master obtrusively caresses one whilst the other is by."

Norman and I spent the next morning in shooting; but we left off rather early, as he said that he had letters to write. Proceeding homewards through some fields adjoining the Rectory, we came upon Mrs. Newton, who had been "district visiting," and was going home the same way. We had not been together five minutes (during which time she had talked almost exclusively with me), when Farmer Brownson met us. Now Farmer Brownson was one of my uncle's chief tenants, and had known me ever since I could walk, and I was a great pet and hero of his; so there was nothing to be done but telling my friends I would overtake them directly, to stop and shake hands with him, and listen to his delight and wonder at seeing me again. It was some time before I could get loose without hurting the good old boy's feelings. When at last I turned away, Mrs. Newton and Norman were not in sight. Three minutes' rapid walking, however, brought me to them, standing at the gate of the Rectory field, in which were her children with their nurses. He was bending towards her as I came up, evidently talking very earnestly, but I heard nothing. Her face, as much as I could see of it, seemed very troubled, and yet there was a lurking smile about the mouth too. She seemed confused.

"Here is Mr. Evesham at last. I must go in; I am late. I suppose you would not thank me, Mr. Evesham, for offering to show you my babies."

She hesitated, shook hands with me and then with Norman, just lifting her eyes to his half a second as she did so. I could not help feeling that it was just as well no one else was by.

"Norman," said I, as we turned away, "I suspect you and Mrs. Newton were very good friends once upon a time."

"At any rate, that is no reason why we should not be friends now, is it?" was his reply.

"*Cela depend*," said I. "*Quid si prisca redit venus*, you know? I fancied I saw the *ira amantium* yesterday, and something suspiciously like the *integratio amoris* to-day."

"For Heaven's sake, my good fellow," broke in Norman, almost angrily, "don't go suspecting what does not exist in that way." I beg your pardon," he continued, in his usual cool tone, "but let me entreat you, *mon enfant*, to be reasonable. Nobody knows better than you that the kind of thing you are talking of is my way with women, and I can't help it. If, as you imagine, Mrs. Newton and I were old friends, she must know me well enough to be in no danger. Really, Charlie, you have an unnecessarily bad opinion of me. I am not a saint, I know, but there has not been, and will not be, any question of love-making between me and the wife of Frank Newton."

"Don't be cross, old fellow," said I; "only do be careful. You know you are dangerous, and I am bound to say, if the aforesaid Frank Newton had been at the gate just now, I fancy he would have thought the aspect of things decidedly queer."

I was not satisfied, and he saw it. It was the very absence of any attempt at that hard flirting which he called his way with women, coupled with his reserve, that bothered me. I felt as if I were smoking in a powder magazine.

I determined to take Mrs. Newton into dinner myself, and succeeded. It was not a large party. The Wintons, and one or two other people from the neighborhood, were there—all great admirers of the Rector's pretty young wife, and all with singularly little to say for themselves. Our two stars, Norman and Mrs. Newton, were both at their best, and together with Sir Ralph, who had great social powers in his way, made the party go off very well. But as the evening went on, it became more and more difficult for the two friends to remember that they were supposed to have been but the merest acquaintances of old. At least, it was the case with Mrs. Newton: and even Norman was by no means always master of the situation. There was a marvellous knowledge of each other's likings and dislikings in the way of songs and books, which showed me that my cynical friend must at one time have opened himself far beyond his wont to that fair young matron. They stood with Jane by the piano, and Norman asked for song after song, saying he was hungry for music. Mrs. Newton sang, as she did everything, very charmingly, though by no means with my cousin's rare skill. The latter bore the greater part in the performance, Mrs. Newton declaring that, whatever Mr. Norman's politeness might induce him to say—not that she believed he ever let that interfere with his pleasure—it was Jane he really wanted to hear. I really believe she did her best to treat him and myself with the same frank friendliness; but the dear child was continually slipping into a different tone with him, seeming to assume a right to say what she pleased to him, and make saucy little speeches that, I think, quite puzzled poor Jane. And then ever and anon she would recollect herself, and draw back into iciness for awhile, which generally ended in the lovely dark eyes being lifted to his for a second, with an appeal in them for him not to be angry, for she did not mean to vex him.—Knowing, as I did, the vehemently sensuous nature that lay beneath Norman's outward impassiveness, I could not but feel that all this must try him. But, save that his eyes would sometimes flash out rebelliously with mingled triumph and tenderness upon her, he made no sign. Newton meanwhile was enchanted with the way in which his wife seemed to get on with Norman and me. True, he had not seen all that I had; but, though I said otherwise to Norman, I scarcely think if he had it would have made any impression on him. Looks and tones of voice were matters not in his line. He worshipped his wife, and was immensely proud of her; and her evident success with so fastidious and *distingue* a man as Norman, not to mention my more humble self, filled him with the most radiant satisfaction.

As soon as our guests had departed, I went to the smoking-room, where I was soon joined by Norman. He filled a little briar-wood pipe with Cavendish, stretched himself on a divan, and smoked awhile in silence. I made some observation, which he answered absently, as if thinking of something else. At last he roused himself.

"Old fellow," said he, "I was rude to you this afternoon, and beg your pardon again. Stop. Don't interrupt me, I haven't done yet. I was also less frank than you had a right to expect of me, and I saw I left an unfavorable impression on you. Now, if you were Stillbrook, I should not say what I am going to, because he would never see anything that was not shown to him; and if you were Scarsdale, I shouldn't, because he doesn't care a straw for any mortal but himself. You have eyes in your head; and, moreover, I really believe you have—though not in a virulent form—the peculiar combination of emotions which go to make up what they call conscientiousness. I *did* see a great deal of Mrs. Newton, who was then Annie Lyddon, some four years back. She wasn't in the same line of life as I was at all. The Thornleys were fond of having her at their house, until they thought I paid her too much attention, and then they left off asking her. I am not easily stopped, though, when I take a fancy to anything, and one way and another I contrived to meet Annie constantly for many months. I was very fond of her then, and small blame to me, and it would be mock modesty in me to say that I did not succeed in making her very thoroughly in love with me. Of course I could not marry her: she had neither the money nor the social position, one or other of which would be indispensable to a man like myself,—in the world, and of the world to the very core of the heart. Neither could I do her any harm; I had not the heart, even if I had the power, which I doubt. But we went dreaming on until I had to leave, and then I admit I felt guilty when I saw——but, however," he went on, checking himself, and refilling his pipe, "that's neither here nor there. We corresponded for awhile, but it soon fell through. We gave it up—it was stopped by her people. I forget exactly: *n'importe*. I knew that our modern Calypsos console themselves without much difficulty. I did not *forget* mine; I never do *forget* my loves; but she subsided into a *souvenir*. You know what that means. Well, yesterday I saw her again for the first time after four years: I confess I was a little staggered at first, and I could see she had not the most pleasant recollection of me:—probably had long regarded me as a heartless trifler, and that sort of thing. But she can afford to forgive, as she has got a better and a richer man for a husband, and seems perfectly happy; and this I think now she sees. Her friendship is very pleasant to me, I admit; and, for my own part, I can't see the least chance of her getting any harm from occasionally meeting me whilst I stay here. I like this place. I like Sir Ralph and your cousin immensely; and I like the Newtons. Only look here, Charlie, I can't have you troubled in spirit on my account. If you think my presence dangerous and objectionable, say so now, frankly. I shan't think the worse of you, for I shall quite understand your motives. You and I can concoct some story for your uncle, and I will be off to-morrow. I can't say fairer."

I felt I could make only one answer to this. John Norman had been a good friend to me often and often. He had cleared me from an "entanglement" that threatened to become very embarrassing. He had pulled me honorably through an ugly quarrel with some Frenchmen at Aix-la-Chapelle. He had sacrificed pleasant engagements to sit with me when I was ill. And now he was offering to do still more for me,—to give up his own pleasure. Was I to tell this man that I would rather he left my uncle's house on account of apprehensions that as likely not were enormously exaggerated? Besides, I felt it would not be so easy to account for Norman's departure. If my suspicions *had* been shared by any one else, this was the very course to confirm them. It might get round to Newton himself—the deuce knew what might come of it. I should be dis-

trusting my friend, and behaving like a churl, and perhaps, after all, bring about the very result I dreaded. All this passed through my mind as Norman was speaking. When he had done, I rose, went over to him, and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"My dear, good fellow," said I, "forgive me for having made a fool of myself. I am very much obliged for the confidence you have bestowed on me. As for your going away, it is not to be thought of for fifty Mrs. Newtons. Henceforth rely on it I shall make myself quite easy: I dare say I absurdly overrated the danger; but even if I did not, you have a strong head, and can be trusted not to fall over the precipice, unless you choose. And so there's an end of that."

"All right, Evesham," said he; "so be it. And now let us turn in."

## PART II.

Rather more than a fortnight passed away. After what had taken place between Norman and myself, I felt it almost a point of honor to avoid as much as possible watching his behavior with Mrs. Newton. He did not seem particularly to seek her society; never went to the Rectory alone, and in company made no effort to engross her. Still, they were of necessity thrown a great deal together, and not unfrequently were virtually alone. For many days Mrs. Newton's manner to him had been precisely what it was in the drawing-room at Guestford that first evening, only that the icy fit became less and less frequent; but towards the end of the period I speak of, a change came over her, and she certainly avoided Norman. When with him, both coldness and pretty imperiousness had given place to a shy submissiveness, but she seemed to me to try to see as little of him as she could. At this juncture there was a ball at Ashwick; Mr. Winton's house; to which the Newtons and ourselves, and indeed all the county, were going. The excitement seemed to act beneficially upon Mrs. Newton. She looked bewitchingly pretty; all her natural playfulness came back, and she appeared especially desirous of making up to Norman for her previous coldness. Whether he would, in any case, have asked her to dance, I do not know; but she almost forced him to do it, by saying that she felt it would be inconsistent with her position to waltz, and she supposed "swells" like me and Norman did not care for anything else.

I was only equal to the *minimum* of exertion that evening, for I was suffering from a splitting headache, and could only keep myself going at all by occasional turns in the cool air. I was on the point of setting out for one of these when the quadrille in which Norman had danced with Mrs. Newton came to an end. I heard him say to her, "There are a few words I *must* say to you. Walk aside with me for five minutes."

She seemed to hesitate, but yielded. I felt almost too ill to notice anything at the moment, but a few turns up and down the terrace somewhat restored me. I was passing the conservatory, when, through its open windows, I heard Norman's voice. Mrs. Newton was with him, and they were the sole occupants of the room. I suppose I ought to have withdrawn, but by so doing I should have left them at the mercy of some far more dangerous auditors, and, in addition for this motive for remaining, which really I think had weight, I had a most intense curiosity to know the true state of the case.

"Dearest child," I heard in Norman's dangerously soft tones, "I can't bear to see you as you have been for the last few days. You are not angry with me now, are you?"

There may have been a slight involuntary pressure of the little hand that lay on his arm. There was no other answer.

"Annie," he said again, "I can hardly bear to leave you, but I will if you wish it. Shall I go at once? Were you happier before I came to Guestford?"

A sigh.

"Yes; oh, yes!"

"Do you love me still, Annie?"

I almost *saw* the words rather than heard them, they were so low, but they roused her.

"No, no; Mr. Norman, you forget—I do not—I must not—oh! you are cruel to me."

I saw the fire in those soft eyes at last. They were eloquent in love and reproach.

"Forgive me, Annie," said Norman. "I am not a cold-blooded man, you know, and this tries me."

He spoke with forced calmness, but I could tell that passion was surging strong within.

She had withdrawn her hand from his arm when she spoke. They stood now looking at each other till she seemed no longer able to resist the fascination, and trembled.

He took her hand—so willing to be made a prisoner—and covered it with kisses.

"Shall I go?" he asked again.

The small white fingers nestled lovingly amidst the coils of his heavy black moustache. Her other hand was laid lightly upon his arm.

That kiss and that touch snapped the chain of his self-restraint.

"My darling!" I heard him whisper as he drew her to his breast; "once more, then, Annie." He kissed her passionately and long. "We must go back now," he said at last, looking down on her flushed and frightened face with that calm smile that seemed to spring from such a reserve of conscious strength. "We must go back now—we have been away too long. Come, dearest, let me get you some water, and I will take you back."

She was quite passive, and went with him like a child.

I had stood as if spell-bound, seeing all this, and now I wished to Heaven I had been a thousand miles away. I was too confused to think, but as I entered the ball-room, and my eyes fell on honest-hearted and unsuspicious Frank Newton, I felt I could not let this go on. I was only conscious of one clear wish—not to be alone with Norman till I had made up my mind. One thing I knew full well—that I might as well urge philanthropy on a hungry tiger, as the moral law on John Norman, when it stood between him and his heart's desire.

It was now very late, and for the rest of the night Norman exerted every art he was master of to screen Mrs. Newton from too close an observation. He succeeded perfectly. Never had I seen him more fascinating. I could not wonder at any woman's loving this man. But what should I do? We were soon on our way home. I pleaded illness—no feigned excuse, as the cause of my silence, and went to my room directly on our arrival.

I awoke the next morning no clearer in mind, and, according to my wont under such circumstances, lay in bed till the afternoon, "thinking it over." Under the influence of brandy and soda-water and an unlimited supply of cigars, my ideas at last began to shape themselves, and I came to the, at any rate, easily practicable conclusion, that I had best do nothing. For, first, I felt that my knowledge of the incidents of last night had been acquired in too equivocal a manner to the acted upon. The least an eavesdropper can do, is to hold his tongue. Then, to take a high tone and quarrel with Norman was absurd and out of the question. He had done *me* no wrong, and until my friend has wronged me, my creed is that I am bound to stick to him. And, lastly, though a few words from me would no doubt be enough to induce Norman to leave Guestford Park, I was not at all sure that a few words from him might not be enough to induce Mrs. Newton to leave Guestford Rectory, and interference with him might sweep away any hesitation he had in uttering them. So, having come to this conclusion, I dressed, went down, and found the house empty. Norman was out shooting, and Sir Ralph and Jane had driven to the neighboring town.

I strolled out, wandered into one of the most sequestered glades of the park, and lay down in the fern, watching the fast-declining sun. I had not lain thus a quarter of an hour, when the very two people who were in my thoughts—Mrs. Newton and Norman—passed within a few yards of me. As I lay, I was completely hidden, but the least movement would have betrayed me, and I thought it best to stay as I was. Had they met by chance? I could hardly think so.

Norman's first words showed they had not, and also that they could not have been long together.

"It is very good of you," he said, "to come to meet me. I shall not often ask you to do it, and I shall not keep you long now."

But I was thankful to find that this time I could not hear much of what they said—or, rather, what he said; for she could only leave her hands in his, and look up into that noble face she loved so well. He told her of his deep love, but made no excuses for having left her, and did not seek to persuade her that he had been constant to her memory. This man was too proud, too conscious of his power even as he was, to have any wish to be taken for other than he was. He spoke long and earnestly, but I only heard stray words; at last they came clear and strong.

"I do believe I have a right to some part in you: *I* made you what you are. No other knows your whole soul as I do." He paused. "Come to me now, my own," he said, his voice full of longing tenderness, and as he drew her arms about him, she laid her head upon his breast, and there sobbed bitterly.

It was sad, very sad, to see the wild love and devotion she lavished on him, her first love, who alone had ever thoroughly mastered her heart, and to feel, and to know that she felt, that it was all a deep wrong done to her husband and her children.

I did not see Norman's face as he at last released her from their long embrace, but his voice was now thick and broken from the violence of his emotions.

"Annie," he said, "you need not fear that I shall ever forget you. I must not ask you to remember me."

"But you are not going away. I shall see you again," she broke in, clinging again to his arm, a new terror in her eyes and voice.

"Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly. "But not often—not thus. I dare not trust myself;" and again he strained her in his arms, and their lips met again.

A strong effort, and he was himself again.

"Come now, darling," he said, "it is late, and you must compose yourself." They passed on out of sight.

I did not meet him until dinner, when outwardly he was calm enough. Throughout the meal and afterwards, as we sat over our wine, he talked politics incessantly with my uncle. I could see he selected the subject because it *forced* him to exert his intellect, and thus acted as a safety-valve. In the evening he got Jane to play Beethoven's Sonatas, and sat silently listening, his thoughts seemingly very far away. He left us early, saying he thought he must have caught my headache.

It was early next morning, not much after six, when I was roused from my morning slumbers by a knock at my door, and Norman came in.

"Are you awake, Evesham?" said he. "I beg your pardon for disturbing you like this, but I must speak to you."

I was shocked to see him. He was still in evening dress, and plainly had not lain down all night. His face, always strongly marked, looked haggard and worn, and his eyes were gleaming with an unhealthy fire.

"In Heaven's name, Norman," said I, "what is the matter?"

He gave a bitter laugh.

"I have been wrestling all night with the fallen archangel," said he, striving to speak in his old, cool way. "I believe, Evesham, theologians are right when they say that the devil is a very *exigeant* master. They would tell you that I have served him faithfully for many years, and yet now he grudges the smallest leave of absence. You look as if you thought me mad. Not yet, at least. The fact is I must leave your hospitable roof, and that forthwith. You remember a talk we had one night, a fortnight back, about—you know whom I mean. I was not frank with you then, Evesham. I saw the danger every whit as clear as you did, but I chose to walk into it. Moreover, I was a hypocrite in offering to go. I knew all the time that, when I put the case to you as I did, you would no more let me leave your house than you would have picked by pocket. The thing has gone on as those things always do. I told you there would be no question of love-making between me and Frank Newton's wife. Well, there has been. I have broken my word."

It was now my turn to speak. I, too, had my confession to make, and I told Norman what I had seen and heard at Ashwick, and in the park. His brow clouded as I spoke, but cleared again.

"Well, Charlie," said he, "I know perfectly well that you did what you thought best, and perhaps it was. You have saved me from telling a long story, and, anyway, there is this comfort, you know the worst. By Jove, sir," he went on fiercely, "I love that child madly, now,—better than I loved her before—better than I have ever loved any woman. I believe in my soul that if I had said to her 'come,' she would come—she could not help herself: but I know also that it would kill her. I know I should be a villian both to you and to poor Newton; but yet, on my solemn word of honor, I am only just able *not* to be that villain. For the last ten years of my life, I have never denied myself anything I greatly cared to have, and now flesh and blood are furious at the curb. I am really afraid of myself. You know what I am, and can fancy what this is to me."

I could, and I still feared the result. It was impossible to say anything in the way of consolation, even had he been the man to care for it.

"You are right," said I, "you must go, for your own sake, no less than for hers. Tell me what I can do for you. When do you go, and where?"

"I go at once," he answered. "I dare not risk seeing so much as the hem of her dress again. I shall go without stopping to Trieste, and thence to Egypt. I must try what incessant movement will do for me. You can do this, if you will—make my *adieux* to your uncle and cousin, and explain my sudden departure as you think best. I leave it to your discretion—and—see *her*—yourself—*alone*, and tell her I am gone. She will know why. Now I am going to have a bath, and dress. Will you have some conveyance to take me to the station? Don't come yourself; I had rather you did not, really. I shall be ready in twenty minutes."

He left me. I rose, dressed myself hastily, gave the necessary orders, and went down to see him off. The dog-cart stood at the door, and in a few minutes Norman appeared.

"Let me hear from you soon," said I.

"You shall," he answered, "but not just yet. Now, Evesham, remember what I want you to do, and good-bye. It is a bad business; but I suppose, from first to last, I have brought it on myself, and I must 'dree my own weird.'"

"I can't bear you to go like this," said I; "but it must be."

Once more we shook hands, and he was gone.

My morning meditations were anything but pleasant, as I paced up and down the garden, waiting until I thought Sir Ralph would probably be rising. I had made up my mind what course to take with him.

"Uncle," said I, as I entered his dressing-room, "Norman has left us suddenly this morning. I have just seen him off. I know the reason, but would rather you did not ask me."

My uncle fixed his keen grey eyes, undimmed by years, upon me. "He has gone *alone*, Charlie?" he asked.

"*Alone*," I replied.

"I am very sorry to lose him," said my uncle, with a sigh; "but I fear it was time. I used to know something of such matters, Charlie, and I suspected it. However, we will not talk of this, and will try to forget all."

It was no difficult matter to frame an excuse for Norman's departure which should satisfy my unsuspecting cousin. She was of course full of regret, the more so when she heard that there was no likelihood of his returning for a wholly indefinite period, innocently adding, "She was sure the Newtons would be so sorry." I was anxious to get the painful part of my commission executed, so in the course of the morning I walked down to the Rectory, choosing a time when I was certain Newton would not be at home. Mrs. Newton was sitting listlessly with a book in her hands, which she manifestly was not reading. The color came to her cheek as I entered: she rose, and looked eagerly to the door, plainly expecting to see some one else. I gave some trifling message which Jane had charged me with, then walked to the window and stood looking out into the garden, so that my eyes should not be upon her.

"I have had a great surprise this morning, Mrs. Newton," said I. "Norman is gone."

She started up.

"Gone!" said she, in a dreary voice.

"Yes," said I, "he has gone, and I fear it will be long before we see him again. He spoke of starting immediately for Egypt."

I looked round now. She was ashy pale, and was struggling hard for self-control. She trembled so that the book she had been holding slipped out of her hands, and as I stooped to pick it up some dried flowers fell from its pages. I remembered them—they were those Norman had given her the first day they met. Her agitation was so manifest that it was impossible to affect unconsciousness. I felt that I must speak.

"Mrs. Newton," said I, "you need not be afraid of me. I know *why* Norman has gone. He has gone because he dared not stay. I know you were both the victims of circumstances. I cannot wonder at your caring for him; certainly I cannot blame you. No one else knows anything. Now, good-by. I shall leave you to yourself to-day; to-morrow I shall bring Jane to you. You must keep up for the sake of Frank and your children—and for *his*."

I held out my hand to her. She took it and pressed it between her two little hands, looking up at me with an appealing glance, as if there was something she wanted to hear, but could not ask. I knew for what her woman's heart was really thirsting, and though I felt it was almost wrong to gratify her, I could not resist it.

"John Norman was in earnest this time, at least, Mrs. Newton," said I; "if you had seen him this morning you would know how he suffered. You would indeed do him injustice if you thought he had been only amusing himself."

Involuntarily she bent, and just touched my hand with her lips.

"Thank you, Mr. Evesham," she said; "you are very kind to me; I shall be better to-morrow."

So I left her.

Two years have passed since the incidents recorded above took place, and Norman has not yet returned to England. He has been a great traveller; has penetrated as far East as Ispahan, and had all manner of adventures with robbers and wild beasts. I have heard from him now and then, and of him often. For some months after his departure I was told he rather avoided society, and showed a perfectly morbid desire for movement. I suppose at last he has calmed down, for I have just heard from him that he will be in London for the season, when he supposes we shall meet—that he has written a book on the East, which he thinks will succeed, and that he is going in strong for politics.

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Mrs. Newton is devoted to her duties as a wife and mother, and is apparently happy; but that bright playfulness which used to characterize her is gone. She looks older and more subdued. Ah, had John Norman only been true to his early dream of love—and less worldly in his views—how much better for her, and for himself. But the door of Paradise often opens only once in this world, and, if we will not accept the invitation and enter in, it opens no more upon our longing vision.

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☞ Some men are kind because they are dull, as common horses are easily broken to harness. Some are orderly because they are timid, like cattle driven by a boy with a wand. And some are social because they are greedy, like barn-yard fowls that mind each other's clucking.

☞ Talent is a very common family-trait, genius belongs rather to individuals; just as you find one giant or one dwarf in a family, but rarely a whole brood of either.

☞ It is asserted that in Mayence, where the annual consumption of wine is three hundred and sixty bottles per adult, "gout, delirium tremens and liver complaints are quite unknown." We are not told what kind it is that is drank in Mayence.

## PROFESSOR AGASSIZ'S LECTURE.

The third and closing lecture of Professor Agassiz on the "cold period" in the world's history was delivered last night at the Smithsonian Institute to an attentive audience, thronging every part of the lecture-room.

The learned Professor devoted the greater part of his lecture to a description of the phenomena which indicate that the continent of North America had at one time been overlaid by dense and unbroken masses of ice, moving from the north to the south. The traces of such an agency are found in the peculiar *drift* deposited on the surface of the continent from the Arctic to the 36th or 40th parallel of latitude, being in its nature and composition such as would be deposited by immense cakes of ice, pushing forward the debris of the soil over which they moved, and bearing on their top the irregular masses of stone which are found in the region designated. That the direction of this moving ice was from north to south is proved by the abrasion of hills having an acclivity facing towards the north, where the southern descent is without such characteristic marks.

After stating the grounds on which the "earthquake theory" was inadequate to explain the phenomena of this *drift*, Prof. Agassiz estimated that the ice which deposited this drift and produced its other attendant phenomena must have been five or six thousand feet thick. But whence came the cold which produced such a thickness of ice? This query was answered by supposing that there had been injected into the sea from the subterranean fires of the earth below it, a vast mass of melted material, thus generating an immense volume of vapor, which, escaping for ages into the upper air, was condensed and fell in the shape of snow and hail. By this mass of snow and hail the temperature of the earth's climate was reduced from the comparative warmth which preceded it even in arctic regions, and the world entered on the "cold period," which it was the object of the lecturer to describe, and to account for while describing.

The authority of Professor Henry was invoked in support of some of the conclusions reached by Prof. Agassiz, who also found in the direction of our river systems, and in the shape of our estuaries, still further confirmations of his theory. He deemed it probable that the ice of this period covered not only the land, but extended upon the face of the ocean to the limits of the deep seas. This cold period, said the lecturer in closing, was the winter which preceded the spring of man's advent in the world.—*National Intelligencer.*

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☞ Switzerland is the only state in Europe which neither increases its army nor its budget.

☞ A large insurance is being effected in England on the life of the Empress of the French—the total being £200,000.

☞ A new convent, with some very nice-looking young nuns, has been established in London.

"Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory.
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost, lamenting o'er lost days."

☞ A London professor lectured recently on adulteration of food. He handed round coffee, which was pronounced excellent, then told the audience that they had been regaled with a mixture of bullock's blood, chicory, sheep's liver, dried, and old coffee-grounds. He gave them capital porter, too, made of spirits of wine, gum arabic and burnt sugar.

☞ In Shakspeare's time the word "miscreant" meant simply an unbeliever, also the phrase "kindly fruits," in the Litany, understood in its old English sense, denotes the natural fruits, or those which the earth, according to his kind, should bring forth.

"In reading authors, when you find
Bright passages that strike your mind,
And which, perhaps, you may have reason
To think of at another season;
Be not contented with the sight,
But take them down in black and white;
Such a respect is wisely shown,
To make another's sense one's own."

☞ George W. Curtis, heretofore an editorial contributor, has now become editor of Harper's Weekly. He is a very able writer.

☞ A London optician has invented a "spirit" hand, which appears on a sheet of canvas, writes words, &c. It cannot be taken hold of, nor can the writing be rubbed out by material agency.

☞ Sydney Smith (in his odd way) tells us:—"I have twice endavored to write the word *skipping*—'skipping-spirit.' The printer first printed it—'strippling,' and then altered it into 'stripping.' The fault is entirely mine. I was fifteen years at school and college—I know something about the Romans and the Athenians, and have read a good deal about the preterfect tense; but I cannot do a sum in simple addition, or write a handwriting which anybody can read."

☞ Two young ladies living in Canada met a large wolf as they were going to church, recently. Though terribly frightened, they managed to beat him with sticks until the animal died.

## A GREAT WATERFALL.

A detachment of troops recently scouting in the valley of the Snake or Lewis fork of the Columbia, discovered a waterfall which is doubtless justly entitled to the distinction of being called the greatest in the world. The entire volume of Snake river pours over a sheer precipice one hundred and ninety-eight feet high—thirty-eight feet higher than Niagara. Snake river is full as large as the Niagara, and the cascade is in one solid sheet, or body. The locality of this immense waterfall is near the point heretofore designated as the Great Shoshone or Salmon Falls of that river, but they have always been enveloped in mystery. About a dozen years ago the writer passed along the Snake river road. For two days we heard the roaring of these falls, but learned no more respecting them than if they had been in the moon. It was said that there were a series of falls and rapids, making a descent of seven hundred feet in seven miles, and the sound gave color to the report. For hundreds of miles across that great plain, Snake river flows through a canon, with vertical walls, hundreds of feet high. It is only at long intervals that salient points are found by which the river can be reached. The road crosses from point to point of the bends, only approaching close to the river where there is a chance to descend for water. From these facts very few, if any, of the tens of thousands of adventurers who have crossed the plains ever looked upon the Great Falls. The late discoverers report, besides the main cataract, many others of less height, varying from twenty to fifty feet each, near by. Some day they will be visited by the tourist and pleasure-seeker, and looked upon as frequently and familiarly as Niagara is to-day: and it will be admitted that, with the stupendous grandeur of their surroundings, they are as far beyond Niagara as Niagara now excels the balance of the world.

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A Romance: Chiefly Rhymed.—They meet in the street, and they sigh, passing by. Meet again, and its plain that they're both nothing loath man and wife to be for life. "Dear," says he, "you love me?" "Yes, I do. Pray, do you love me too?" "Fondly!" "La! ask mamma!" Off he goes to propose, and receives mother's leave. Ma says "yes." You may guess with what joy he employs various trades, by whose aids 'tis his wish to furnish for his spouse a fit house. When that's done, they're made one, by a priest; give a feast; set off soon—honeymoon—blisses, kisses, mister, missis—what a tale of true love this is.

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☞ Historical Doubts.—Sixty years ago a certain Peter Muller published two thick volumes at Dusseldorf, in which a vast amount of learning and innumerable quotations are brought forward, in order to prove that there never were any Romans, that Julius Cæsar and Charles V. are one and the same person, that Latin is corrupted German; in fact that the whole of history is false, and only invented to deceive credulous persons and to plague schoolboys.

☞ Come To His Senses.—In a recent speech at Omaha, Nebraska, Geo. Francis Train declared himself "the best played out man in the country."

Words "written when the soul is at spring-tide,
When it is laden like a groaning sky
Before a thunder-storm, are power and gladness,
And majesty and beauty. They seize the reader
As tempests seize a ship, and bear him on
With a wild joy."

☞ *Dele* should be the motto of your inkstand. We read that the most distinguished men in all parts of literature did this, even those (such as Moore, the song-writer) who, we would suppose, wrote with the utmost facility. Gibbon, speaking of his great history, says: "Three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect." Pascal re-wrote one of his "Provincial Letters" eighteen times. Of Ariosto, Leigh Hunt records: "He was perpetually altering his verses. His MSS. are full of corrections. He wrote the exordium of the *Orlando* over and over again."

☞ The husband who devoured his wife with kisses found afterwards that she disagreed with him.

☞ Bad Habits.—Be not slow in the breaking of a sinful custom; a quick, courageous resolution is better than a gradual deliberation; in such a combat, he is the bravest soldier that lays about him without fear or wit. Wit pleads, fear disheartens; he that would kill hydra, had better strike off one neck than five heads; fell the tree, and the branches are soon cut off.—*Quarles.*

☞ Raw cotton and castor oil have restored frost-bitten limbs when amputation was thought to be necessary to preserve life. The cure is said to be infallible.

☞ S. A. D.—The wife of Stephen A. Douglas is said to be engaged as a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington.

☞ "Don't you believe the Lord is on our side?" said a strong rebel to a not over-confident friend, the other day. "Well, y-e-e-s," he responded, "y-e-e-s, but He's acting mighty strange about it, mighty strange!"

☞ The man who weeps for every one will soon become blind.

## Stephen C. Foster, the Composer.

Mr. Charles McKnight, editor of the Pittsburg Chronicle, gives the following reminiscence of the popular melodist:

This afternoon the mortal remains of Stephen C. Foster were carried to their last abode. As the incidents connected with one who has added so much to the musical fame of our country are of interest to all at home, as well as abroad, we propose to give a brief biographical sketch of our townsman, to tell who he was and what he did. Stephen C. Foster was born on the 4th of July, 1826, the same day on which Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died. His father, William B. Foster, Sen., was a native of Virginia, who settled in Pittsburg in the year 1796, and entered into business with Major Ebenezer Denny and Anthony Beelen, Esq. In 1811 he laid out his farm (including the ground on which the United States Arsenal now stands, two and a half miles from Pittsburg, and the surrounding premises,) into a town, intending to call it Fosterville. Soon afterwards, however, the gallant Capt. Lawrence was killed, fighting his ship, the "Chesapeake," and Mr. Foster patriotically changed the name of his town to Lawrenceville, adopting as the motto on the corporation seal the dying words of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship."

Stephen, at a very early age, manifested musical talents of an unusual order. At the age of seven years a flageolet was placed in his hands, and within a wonderfully short time he had, unaided, mastered its stops and sounds, so as to play with effect several familiar airs of the day. He never, however, aspired to greatness as a performer, either vocal or instrumental, though the taste and sweetness with which he brought forth the most touching tones of the piano and flute could fix his audience in wrapt attention. And when he sang *his own* songs (accompanying himself on the piano or guitar) there was a plaintiff sadness in his voice, and a magic in his touch, that brought tears to listener's eyes. Not the most accomplished public singers could ever equal the effect with which he himself sang his own popular strains.

It was in a higher sphere than that of a *performer* of music that Mr. Foster sought and won fame. He zealously aimed to master music as a science, and earnestly devoted himself for years to the study of harmonies. The works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber were his chief delight and frequent theme of conversation. His melodies were the spontaneous and original emanations of his own peculiar musical taste, but, at an early age, he had so cultivated that taste in the true science of harmony, that those melodies came forth refined as gold, and when he reduced them to printed notes and launched them on the world, he knew they would be successful and would strike a popular chord. His talent for writing the poetry, as well as the music of his songs (a combination rarely met with,) gave him an advantage in setting the notes of music to words of corresponding euphony and accent. This advantage can only be realized by one who has experienced the great difficulty which a composer, who does *not* write his own lines, meets with in seeking to harmonize words and sounds.

Mr. Foster was an ardent student in other branches of learning. He taught himself many of the languages. In French and German he was quite proficient, and some of the water-color paintings of his youth are still the admiration of his friends. At no time, however, could he be induced to submit regularly to the restraints of the school-room. From childhood he loved to wander alone among the beautiful hills and woods that surround his native city, and, with his book and pencil, seat himself where the rustling of the leaves, the rippling water, the falling twigs and the twittering of birds, fell peacefully and harmoniously upon his sensitive ear. For years he pursued his studies in this quiet, harmless way, and his parents, finding that he always progressed favorably, soon ceased to insist on his confining himself, like other boys, to the school-room, but allowed him to pursue his studies in his own way.

His first published song, called "Open thy Lattice, Love," was issued about the year 1842, by George Willig, in Baltimore. "Old Uncle Ned" and "Oh Susanna," were not long afterwards issued by W. C. Peters, in Cincinnati. No remuneration was asked or thought of by Mr. Foster for these, though they proved immensely profitable to the publisher. Returning to Pittsburg, Mr. Foster produced successively the "Louisiana Belle," "Nelly was a Lady," "Camptown Races," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Master's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Nelly Ely," "Oh, Boys, Carry Me 'Long," and the world-renowned "Old Folks at Home," together with a large number of other songs suitable for the performances of the Ethiopian Minstrels. He was induced to compose his songs at this time in the shape of negro melodies, on account of the wonderful interest all classes then took in that style of music.

For the past ten years, however, he confined his productions to airs and words of a sentimental or devotional character. Among these are, "Willie, we have missed you," "Ellen Bayne," "Maggie by my side," "Come, where my love lies dreaming," "Little Ella," "Jennie with the light-brown hair," "Willie, my brave," "Farewell, my Lillie dear," "Oh, comrades, fill no glass for me," "Old Dog Tray," "Mollie, do you love me?" "Summer breath," "Ah, may the red rose live alway," "Come with thy sweet voice again." "I see her still in my dreams," "Suffer little children to come unto me," "Ella is an angel," and some hundred others. There has been recently a book of hymns published in New York, with beautiful airs composed by Mr. Foster expressly for each hymn.

As we previously remarked, Mr. Foster for a long period allowed his works to be published without thought of pecuniary compensation; but the demand for them became so great, and before long so many flattering offers were made to him, that he found himself impelled to abandon all other pursuits, and devote himself *entirely* to musical composition as a profession. He entered into an arrangement with Firth, Bond & Co., the well-known New York publishers, which continued many years, and was the source of immense income to Mr. Foster, and also of large profits to the publishers. The commissions paid Mr. F. by them on the "Old Folks at Home," alone amounted to over $15,000. Many other of his songs were nearly as profitable, but the "Old Folks at Home" reached a larger issue than *any song ever published in America*. For the privilege of having his name published on one edition of this song, the late E. P. Christy paid Mr. Foster five hundred dollars.

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Sorgho Sugar.—The Washington Republican says: "An experiment was made in the Department of Agriculture a day or two since, before a large number of persons, clearly demonstrating the practicability of every man in the North making his own sugar. A gentleman from Nebraska, Mr. J. F. Riggs, who is about taking out a patent for his process, was the operator. From sorgho syrup, sent to the Department for exhibition, in the course of a few moments he produced a clean and pure sugar equal in all respects to the best coffee sugar, the residue of the syrup proving to be an excellently flavored article, strongly resembling amber or golden syrup of the shops, and entirely free from sorgho taste."

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The Islands Above Niagara Falls.—The islands in the Niagara river above the falls, known as the "three sisters," were visited on Sunday by Mr. D. D. Lane, of that village. Instead of three islands, Mr. Lane discovered a fourth, and what appears to be the outer island is divided by a channel, making two islands. Mr. Lane crossed over on the ice. We believe it is the second time that these islands have ever been visited.—*Buffalo Courier.*

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☞ The following often quoted lines are taken from a poem by Frederick Von Logan, written in the 17th century:—

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

☞ Dr. Arnold (than whom, perhaps, there have been few better judges) remarks: "Keep your view of men and things extensive, and, depend upon it, that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. * * * If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the improvement of the human mind, it is on this."

☞ There are women, who, without the gift of genius, fill our vase with wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs over and the house is filled with perfume.

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## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The demand for Flour has fallen off; some 7000 bbls found buyers, mostly Pennsylvania and Western extra family, at $7,25@7,75 for common to good and selected brands, chiefly at $7,50, including superfine at $6,25, extra at $7@7,25, and $8 to $10 per bbl for high grade family and fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet, with sales of the former at $6,50 per bbl. For Buckwheat Meal prices are steady at $3,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There has been less Wheat offering; sales of 40,000 bus at $1,70@1,75 for fair to good and choice reds, closing at about $1,73 for prime Pennsylvania, and $1,80 to $2 for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye—Sales of Pennsylvania at $1,40. Corn—Sales of 20,000 bus yellow at $1,10@1,12. Oats—About 30,000 bus Delaware and Pennsylvania sold at 87@88c weight, the latter for heavy lots. Barley and Malt are unchanged and quiet.

PROVISIONS—There is a firm feeling in the market. Sales of 1500 bbls new mess Pork, at $22@23 ℔ bbl; old is held at $20½@21, and quiet. Dressed Hogs range at $8¾@9¼. Beef is steady at $12@17 for country and city Mess. Beef Hams are better, and held at $23 ℔ bbl, without sales. Bacon—A small sale of Sides at 10c, and Shoulders at 9c. Green Meats—Sales of 1200 casks Hams, in pickle, at 12½@13c for prime sugar cured. Lard—Sales of 1500 packages; 13¼@14c for bbls and tierces, the latter for prime, and kegs at 14½@15c, including grease at 11½@12½c. Butter is active; 22@30c for common and prime Pennsylvania and Western, 25@33c for roll, and 30@35c for Goshen, the latter for choice. Cheese is firm at 13@16c for good and prime Ohio and New York, and 17@18c for fancy factory. Eggs are scarce, at 31@32c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of 250 bales at 75@80c for ordinary to good middling.

ASHES—The market is firm.

BARK—Sales of 100 hhds No 1, part at $37.

BEESWAX—Sales are reported at 32@33c ℔ lb.

COAL—There is very little shipping, and prices are unsettled.

COFFEE—The market is steady, with sales of 3000 bags at 32@35c for Rio, and 3000 bags Laguayra at 33½@35c.

COPPER is firm.

FEATHERS are scarce; sales of good Western at 62@63c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $2@3,50, and Cranberries at $7@11 ℔ bbl. Dried Fruit is less active. Apples range at 9@9½c, and unpared Peaches at 13@15c ℔ lb for quarters and halves. Pared Peaches are very scarce.

HAY is steady, at $25@28 ℔ ton.

HEMP is held with more firmness.

HOPS are scarce, at 20@33c ℔ lb.

IRON—The market for all kinds continues active. 3000 tons Anthracite sold at $44 for No. 2, and $45 for No. 1, cash. There is very little Scotch Pig here, and it is selling at $50, in small lots. Blooms and Boiler Plates are scarce, and held higher. For Manufactured Iron the demand is large.

LEAD—Galena is worth $10½@10¾.

MOLASSES—The market is active. Sales of 700 hhds clayed Cuba, new crop, at 53c, on time, and 1200 bbls New Orleans, part by auction, at 48 to 74½c, mostly cash.

PLASTER is scarce, at $5 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover offering; sales of 1800 bus at $8,50@9. Timothy is better, with sales at $3@3,50 ℔ bus. Flaxseed is also better, with sales of 2500 bush to note, at $3,30@3,35 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is unsettled and held at 105c. Whiskey at 84@92c for Pennsylvania and Western bbls, and 83@88c for Drudge.

SUGARS are firm, with further small sales of Cuba at 13@14½c; 400 hhds New Orleans at 12½@14¾c cash and four months.

TALLOW sold at 11¾@12¼c for country and city rendered.

WOOL—The market is firm but less active; sales at from 75 to 83c for medium and fine quality.

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### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle was considerably less than last week The prices ranged from $8 to 12¼ ℔ 100 lbs. Cows—200 head sold at from $30 to 35. Sheep—Sales of 3500 head were made at 7@8c ℔ lb. Hogs—4000 sold at $10@12 ℔ 100 lbs.

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Fishing in Finland.—The Finlanders are skillful and indefatigable fishermen. They take every year an immense quantity of *stromming*, a kind of small herring, the greatest part of which they send to Sweden and Russia. What is remarkable is, that they fish not merely in summer, but also in winter. The mode which they adopt is curious. They make, on the sea, two openings in the ice, and, by means of poles and ropes, they pass their nets from the one opening to the other; but the difficulty is to draw the nets *out*. For this purpose the greatest strength and dexterity are needed. On the rivers, the Finlanders catch the fish by a stroke of a mallet or of a stick. In the autumn, when the cold begins to be felt, they go along the side of the rivers, and when they perceive a fish under the ice, they break the latter with a vigorous stroke of the mallet just at the spot where a fish is. Stunned, the fish rises in a few seconds to the surface, and the fisherman seizes it with an instrument made for the purpose.

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Twelve Apostles, or Thirteen?—A peculiar process is at present pending before the Court of Appeal at Cologne. The decision entirely depends on the answer to the question whether there are twelve or thirteen apostles. A farmer in the vicinity of Mulheim, on the Rhine, has the right by the terms of an ancient lease to let the waters of a neighboring stream overflow his meadows on all Apostles Days. This arrangement is very unpopular with the millers of the district, who are obliged to stop work whenever the flooding occurs. What, however, has especially irritated them is that the farmer makes use of his privilege thirteen times a year, insisting that Barnabas is called an apostle in several passages of Scripture. The court has asked the opinion of the Catholic priesthood on the subject, and, strange to say, they are about equally divided on the question.

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☞ To make a young lady six fathoms deep in happiness, give her two canary birds, half a dozen moonbeams, twelve yards of silk, an ice-cream, several rosebuds, a squeeze of the hand, and the promise of a new bonnet. If she don't melt, it will be because she can't.

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## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th of Dec., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Horatio Garet, Jr., to Miss Virginia W. Carlton, both of this city.

On the 21st of Jan., 1864, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. John S. Reed, to Miss Lydia Flood, both of this city.

On the 14th of Jan., by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, John Waldron, Esq., of New Brunswick, N. J., to Miss Jennie, daughter of Major Jacob Hubell, of this city.

On the 18th of Jan., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. Jeremiah T. Fiss, soldier, to Miss Sarah Ebling, of this city.

On the 6th of Jan., by the Rev. J. T. Cooper, Mr. Henry Getty, to Miss Mary J. Thompson, both of this city.

On the 12th of Jan., by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, William H. Hargesle, to Miss Anna M. Hayman, both of this city.

On the 24th of Jan., by the Rev. John A. McKean, Captain William Ingersoll, to Miss Alice W. Carman, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Astoria, Long Island, N. Y., on the 20th day of Jan., 1864, after only a few days illness, Francis Henry, son of Saml. B. and Jane F. Cawley, formerly of Philada., aged 15 years, 8 months and 10 days.

On the 20th of Jan., Mrs. Rebecca P. Morton, widow of Saml. Geo. Morton, M. D.

On the 30th of Jan., Mrs. Elizabeth F. Allen, in her 28th year.

On the 25th of Jan., James Collins, in his 23d year.

On the 25th of Jan., Joseph Brown, in his 84th year.

On the 25th of Jan., Mr. William Bennett, aged 80 years.

On the 24th of Jan., Samuel L. Cooper, in his 27th year.

On the 24th of Jan., Jane Atkinson, in her 61st year.

On the 23d of Jan., Dr. William C. Mathews, aged 39 years.

On the 23d of Jan., Miss Rachel Jones, in her 68th year.

On the 21st of Jan., Elizabeth, wife of Henry Myers, in her 33d year.

On the 21st of Jan., Capt. Thomas C. Metts, in his 67th year.


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Dearer to me than many I've known
Of the little milliners now full blown.
Ah! when she came for her bill to call,
Then, then I found she was dearer than all.

☞ Be willing to be taught by all. Sir Walter Scott used to say, that even the poorest shoemaker could teach him something.

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TO NEW ENGLAND SOLDIERS

THE PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT

Is sent at *half price* to all soldiers in the field, and the publishers guarantee its prompt and regular receipt in any regiment or hospital in the country. From the beginning of the war it has enjoyed an immense popularity in the army of the Union, more especially among the Maine Soldiers. It is a weekly paper, devoted to Literature and the News of The Day. Its columns are filled with Interesting Stories, Choice Poetry, Amusing and Instructive Sketches, Reports of Lectures, the Maine News, and a carefully prepared summary of all the Foreign, Domestic, and War news. Among its regular contributors are FLORENCE PERCY, who furnishes Poetry and Washington Correspondence; M. F. WHITTIER, author of the celebrated "Ethan Spike" letters; CHARLES P. ILSLEY is now furnishing an Original Story, entitled the "Indian Killer," founded on the legends of Scarborough. The TRANSCRIPT has the largest circulation of any paper in Maine, and has subscribers in every State and Territory of the Union.

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The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the Animal in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its Feed, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your Horses, Cattle and Hogs in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared *only by*
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

Washington, Oct. 16th, 1862.

Wm. Ralston,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market.
HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterary Surgeon for the United States Government.

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CALCINED MAGNESIA
Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.
*A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS* have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,
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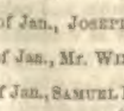
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The above maladies treated with the utmost success by
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where can be examined hundreds of testimonials from the very best known men in the country, among which are several from old and responsible citizens of Philadelphia, who can be personally referred to. oc31-6m

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GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
DOCTOR C. M. JACKSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.,
IS NOT A
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OR A
SUBSTITUTE FOR RUM,
OR AN
INTOXICATING BEVERAGE,
BUT A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
VEGETABLE EXTRACT,
A PURE TONIC,
*Free from Alcoholic Stimulant*
OR
INJURIOUS DRUGS,
AND WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
LIVER COMPLAINT,
DYSPEPSIA,
and JAUNDICE.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
Will Cure Every Case of
*Chronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach.*

OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS
*Resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs.*
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

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WILL GIVE YOU
A GOOD APPETITE,
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HEALTHY NERVES,
STEADY NERVES,
BRISK FEELINGS,
ENERGETIC FEELINGS,
HEALTHY FEELINGS
A GOOD CONSTITUTION,
A STRONG CONSTITUTION
A HEALTHY CONSTITUTION,
A SOUND CONSTITUTION.

WILL MAKE THE
WEAK STRONG,
WILL MAKE THE
DELICATE HEARTY,
WILL MAKE THE
THIN STOUT,
WILL MAKE THE
DEPRESSED LIVELY,
WILL MAKE THE
SALLOW COMPLEXION CLEAR,
WILL MAKE THE
DULL EYE CLEAR AND BRIGHT,
Will prove a blessing in
EVERY FAMILY.
Can be used with perfect safety by
MALE OR FEMALE, OLD OR YOUNG.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

*There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 25 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed, &c.*

*This class of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of a drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death. BEWARE OF THEM.*

*For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt:—Get ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and mix with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, cost much less, and will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than those inferior preparations will cost you.*

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Those suffering from MARASMUS, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones, are cured in a very short time; one bottle in such cases will have most surprising effect.

DEBILITY,

Resulting from fevers of any kind—These Bitters will renew your strength in a very short time.

FEVER AND AGUE.

The chills will not return if these bitters are used.—No person in a Fever and Ague District should be without them.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not lestify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them. J. NEWTON BROWN.
Philadelphia, June 22, 1862.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS:
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the papers, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We have no hesitation in stating that if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise would be lost.

The proprietors are daily receiving thankful letters from sufferers in the army and hospitals, who have been restored to health by the use of these Bitters, sent to them by their friends.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

PRICES.

Large Size, $1.00 per Bottle, or Half Dozen $5.00.
Medium Size, 75 do. or Half Dozen $4.00.
The Large Size, on account of the quantity the Bottles hold, are much the cheaper.

Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADA. Pa.
JONES & EVANS,
(Successor to C. M. Jackson & Co.,)
Proprietors
☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. ap16-cowly

# Wit and Humor.

## PEPPER'S GHOST IN CHICAGO.

Professor Pepper's ghost has been eclipsed in Chicago. An individual in the rural districts stepped into a store on Lake Street, a few days ago, and while making some purchases, cast his eyes down along the long line of shelving and counters, remarking to a clerk—

"Mighty long store this is, from one end to t'other."

The clerk nodded assent, and the eye of the countryman fell upon his own reflection in a large mirror at the further end of the store.

"There's my brother out there in that 'ere alley, sure's you live, and I hain't seen 'him afore in three years. How can I get 'back there?"

The clerk told him he would have to go out on Lake street, around the corner and into the alley. It should be remarked that the clerk did not see the joke, really supposing that the countryman had seen his brother through a rear window. Rural went out, and after an hour's search, returned and announced that his brother had "gin him the slip." Looking down the store again, he exclaimed, "I'll be darned if brother John ain't there again," and down he paddled toward the mirror. As he neared it, he smiled; his reflection cordially returned it, and advanced to meet him. Rural extended his hand, and the reflection extended its hand. Just at that instant Rural's hand came in contact with the cold glass; he started back, rubbed his eyes, took a second look, and saw it. He rushed from the store, swearing that he and his brother John were twins, and couldn't tell one another apart, and the durned lookin' glass had sucked him in.

## A CUTE PREACHER.

The colored pastor of a church, not a thousand miles from Bridgeport, was once desirous that the Conference should meet at his church. The people being aware that they must board the ministers during their stay in the city, were quite averse to their coming. At a meeting to consider the subject of giving the invitation, the pastor stated the proposition, and said:

"All those in favor of inviting the brethren here will say yes—all opposed, no."

He then proceeded to put the question; but not a yes was heard. Whereupon he paused, looked around, and remarked:

"Silence gives consent. The Conference will come."

At the concluding meeting, when a collection was to be taken up for the visiting brothers, the pastor told his people that it was necessary for all the ministers to be back to their respective flocks; that they had no money to go with, and must stay in their present quarters till the cash was raised. The dilemma was either board their visitors gratuitously, or pay their fares home. We can guess how they solved the problem.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

A SCOTCH WIDOW.—The clerk of a large parish not five miles from Bridgenorth, Scotland, noticing a female crossing a churchyard in a widow's garb, with a watering can and bundle, had the curiosity to follow her, and he discovered her to be Mrs. Smith, whose husband had not long been interred. The following conversation took place: "Ah, Mrs. Smith, what are you doing with your watering can?" "Why, Mr. Prince, I have begged a few hay-seeds, which I have in a bundle, and am going to sow them upon my poor husband's grave, and have brought a little water with me to make them spring." "You have no occasion to do that, as the grass will soon grow upon it," replied the clerk. "Ah, Mr. Prince, that may be; but do you not know my husband, who now lies here, made me promise him, on his death-bed, I would never marry again till the grass had grown over his grave; and having a good offer made me, I dinna wish to break my word, or be kept as I am."

PRUT.—We have some German friends up at Galena, who, in daily conversation, use the English language, but the mother teaches her children the same German prayers she used to repeat in her childhood, away back on the banks of the Rhine. One night, as little earnest, a precocious chap of some four summers, was quietly going through his evening devotions, he suddenly electrified and astonished his pious mother, by exclaiming: "Ma, why do we always talk Yankee and pray German? Is God a Dutchman?"

ALDERMAN GOBBLE IN THE BUZZIM OF HIS FAMILY.—Alderman G.—"What's that, Hemly? Read that again, my dear."

Emily.—"By a wonderful provision of nature, the camel is enabled to take in a great supply of food, having been provided for that purpose with three stomachs."

Alderman G.—"Wond'rful provision of nature! I should just think it was! Three stomachs! I wish I was a camel!"

☞ "Waiter, bring me some corn," said a boarder to a green Irish servant. "Hey?" said Paddy, leaning down to catch the accent. "No, no—*corn!*" replied the guest.

## CURIOSITIES OF EATING.

An old beau, formerly well known in Washington City, was accustomed to eat but one meal in twenty-four hours; if, after this, he had to go to a party and take a second dinner, he ate nothing at all next day. He died at the age of seventy years.

A lady of culture, refinement, and unusual powers of observation and comparison, became a widow. Reduced from affluence to poverty, with a large family of small children dependent on her manual labor for daily food, she made a variety of experiments to ascertain what articles could be purchased for the least money, and would, at the same time, "go the farthest," by keeping her children longest from crying for something to eat. She soon discovered that when they ate buckwheat cakes and molasses, they were quiet for a longer time than after eating any other kind of food.

A distinguished Judge of the United States District Court observed that, when he took buckwheat cakes for breakfast, he could sit on the bench the whole day without being uncomfortably hungry; if the cakes were omitted, he felt obliged to take a lunch about noon. Buckwheat cakes are a universal favorite at the winter breakfast-table, and scientific investigation and analysis has shown that they abound in the heat-forming principle, hence Nature takes away our appetite for them in summer.

During the Irish famine, when many died of hunger, the poor were often found spending their last shilling for tea and tobacco and spirits. It has also been often observed in New York, by those connected with charitable institutions, that when money was paid to the poor, they often laid out every cent in tea or coffee, instead of procuring the more substantial food, such as meal, and flour, and potatoes. On being reproved for this apparent extravagance and improvidence, the reply, in both cases, was identical; their own observation had shown them that a penny's worth of tea, or tobacco, or liquor, would keep off the sense of hunger longer than a penny's worth of any thing else. Scientific men express the idea by saying, "Tea, like alcohol, retards the metamorphosis of the tissues;" in other words, it gives fuel to the flame of life, and thus prevents it from consuming the fat and flesh of the body.

If a person gets into the habit of taking a lunch between breakfast and dinner, he will very soon find himself getting faint about the regular luncheon-time; but let him be so pressed with important engagements for several days in succession as to take nothing between meals, it will not be long before he can dispense with his lunch altogether. These things seem to show that, to a certain extent, eating often, is a mere matter of habit. Whole tribes of Indian hunters and trappers have been known to eat but once in twenty four hours, and that at night.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

## HOW TO MAKE A FOOT-MUFF.

Those who take long rides in winter, are often obliged to resort to artificial means to keep their feet warm—hence hot bricks, heated blocks of wood, and jugs filled with hot water, are variously used. The foot-muff is a great improvement on all these. It may be made in different ways, one of the cheapest and most simple of which is as follows:—Let the tinman make a square box, about one foot square and two inches thick, so as to hold water. A screw, turned by a button, is inserted into one of the narrow sides—the screw-hole should be large enough to admit a funnel. The box should be perfectly water-tight, the screw-hole being the only place for the admission and egress of the water. If a suitable screw cannot be procured, solder in a short tin tube about an inch long, to receive a cork, which is to be tightly pressed in. This box, when filled with hot water, which may be done in a few seconds, will retain heat a long time; but its efficiency may be greatly increased by encasing it with the muff. The box itself may be first covered with a piece of coarse carpeting, and then a sheep-skin, tanned with the wool on, sewed on the upper large flat side of the box, somewhat in the form of a broad shoe, with the wool inwards, and large enough to receive both feet. This essentially completes the foot-muff. The more expensive ones are covered with furs, instead of sheep-skin; and if the skin extends around the whole box, the heat of the water will be retained a longer time. A well made muff of this kind, filled with hot water and placed in the bottom of a sleigh, will continue warm for half a day.—*Country Gentleman.*

☞ The other day we passed two little blue-nosed, shivering boot-blacks, waiting for customers on the street corner. Like true specimens of "Young America," they occupied the time in discussing principles; and we chanced to hear one—a defiant youngster of not more than a dozen years—assert himself thus—"I'll give a dollar to have my rights, if they ain't worth more'n two cents!"

☞ A LONDON BANKRUPT.—On examining into the affairs of a London bankrupt, recently, his creditors discovered that his wife had over fifty-two yards of silk in one dress. As the journalists say, "Comment is unnecessary."

## ARTILLERY EXPERIMENTS.

CAPTAIN TESTIT.—"Having placed our burster and prepared our percussion fuse, which you remember, explodes by the simple fall of the needle—we proceed to——"

[PROFESSOR DABBLES quite sees that the artillery is a service of itself, and having an appointment at the Smithsonian Institute, hurries off with his friend.

## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

*Prof.* Grimm, one of the most eminent continental philologists, in a treatise on the origin of languages, read before the Royal Academy, Berlin, thus speaks of the English language:

It possesses, through its abundance of free medial tones, which may be learned, indeed, but which no rules can teach, the power of expression such as never perhaps was attained by any human tongue. Its altogether intellectual and singularly happy foundation and development had arisen from a surprising alliance between the two noblest languages of antiquity, the German and the Romanesque, the relation of which to each other is well known to be such that the former supplies the material foundation, the latter the abstract notions. Yes, truly, the English language may with good reason call itself a universal language, and seems chosen, like the people, to rule in future times in a still greater degree in all the corners of the earth. In richness, sound reason, and flexibility, no modern tongue can be compared with it—not even the German, which must shake off many a weakness before it can enter the lists with the English.

☞ Mrs. Macaulay having published her "Loose Thoughts," Mr. Sheridan was asked whether he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose. "By no means," replied he; "the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better."

# Agricultural.

## AN ITEM IN FAVOR OF SHEEP.

There is one item in favor of keeping sheep, instead of cattle, that we have not seen mentioned, and that is the difference in the labor of taking care of them in winter. The amount of labor involved, and time required, to take proper care of a stock of twenty-five head of cattle, is about as much as a man can attend to. To see that they all drink at least once a day—that the large ones don't abuse the small ones—that they have a variety of fodder in proper quantities, at proper times—that the stables are well cleaned—together with the innumerable other things that always need looking after, keeps one doing about all day. While sheep need prudent and watchful care, they do not require that constant attention that cattle do. They do not require to be tied by the head to prevent their doing mischief. They are allowed free and easy access to water, and have sense enough to drink when dry. Their habitations do not need cleaning out daily as do those of cattle.

On the whole, we are inclined to the opinion that the farmer who keeps sheep, principally, can have a pretty easy time through the winter, while those who have large stocks of cattle will find plenty to do.

With cattle or sheep, whether little or much care is needed, we urge upon all that they take *good* care. Let everything be done that can be to add to their comfort. It wont pay to neglect any kind of stock during the cold weather. It wont pay to keep any more than can be kept well. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast." Merciful means compassionate, tender, unwilling to inflict pain. At no season can we make a practical application of mercy more acceptable to the brute, than during winter. Let no pains be spared in making the application.—*N. H. Journal of Agriculture.*

## MIGNONNETTE TREE.

Take a vigorous plant of mignonnette sown in April, and place it in a flowerpot by itself. As soon as the blossom-buds appear they must be carefully picked off, and in autumn, all the lower side-shoots should be removed, cut off so as to shape the plant into a miniature tree. It should then be transplanted into a larger pot, with fresh soil, formed of turfy loam, broken up very fine, and mixed with sand. When this has been done, remove the little tree into a greenhouse, or warm room, and water it regularly every day. It will thus be kept in a growing state during the whole of the winter, and its stem will begin to appear woody in the spring. Treat it in the same manner in the following year, for mignonnette trees are not made in a day. Carefully keep cutting off the side branches as soon as they appear, leaving only those that are to form the head of the tree, and by the third spring it will have bark on its tree, and become a complete shrub. It may now be suffered to blossom, and its flowers, which will be exquisitely sweet, will continue to be produced every summer in succession for several years. The kind to try is a distinct variety from the common spreading one; the botanical name is *Reseda arborea*, a half hardy perennial, and usually attains 1½ feet in height. The seed can be procured from most nurserymen; it should be raised on a slight hot-bed in the early spring; the young plants must be potted off singly, and as they attain maturity kept staked, and the lower shoots constantly to be rubbed off.

## THE ROLLERS.

There is no better pulverizer to follow the plough than the roller. We have evidence enough of this fact. No matter how cloddy the ground lifts, if the roller follows, crushing the clods as they are freshly turned, the action of the sun and air will do more towards completely pulverizing these clods than a thorough harrowing and cross harrowing. This is of importance to farmers who may have occasion to turn dry stubble land early in the autumn with a view to seeding it with fall grain. Let the roller follow the plough before seeding. It will scarcely be necessary to touch it with the harrow, if the rolling is done the same day the soil is turned. The soil is left with a smooth surface on which the grain falls, and which is likely to insure its being covered to a uniform depth; or if to be drilled in, this work is better done; but more important than all, an excellent seed bed is secured, in which the seed will germinate and grow quickly and continuously, without the aid of a shower, for a packed surface secures moisture generally.

If the clods are allowed to get thoroughly dry, the good effect resulting from the use of the roller is much diminished thereafter. It cannot be too strongly urged that this work of rolling be done as soon after the ground is turned as possible.

And talking of the roller, it should be here asserted that a farmer can just as profitably put in crops and cultivate his soil without a harrow as without a roller. It is gratifying to know that very many farmers have learned this fact; but there is still a large per centum, who are either ignorant or indifferent respecting it. It should be impressed upon them.—*Rural New Yorker.*

☞ It is a grave question down South over every piece of paper, whether it is or is not money.

ORIGIN OF FLIES, FLEAS AND BUGS.—The Talmud gives an account that Noah, when endangered by the ark's becoming leaky, entered into an engagement with the devil, to feed him on human blood forever after the time when he should again set foot on land; so the devil coiled himself up in the form of a serpent and ensured the safety of the ark by stuffing his body into the hole that occasioned the leak. When safe ashore, however, Noah derided the devil's demand for the completion of his bond, and threw the written agreement into the fire; but the devil caught up the ashes and scattered them in the air, and thence the origin of flies, lice, fleas and bugs.

☞ The Commissioner of Agriculture has received a letter from Washington, Iowa, in which the writer says he made twelve hundred pounds of cotton to the acre this season.

# Useful Receipts.

TO COLOR AN IVORY BRACELET.—Boil the bracelet for some time in a decoction of logwood (which can be obtained from any chemist,) and then steep it in a solution of acetate of iron, and it will be a beautiful deep black. To stain ivory BLUE, it should be immersed for some time in a dilute solution of sulphate of indigo, partly saturated with potash. GREEN—Boil it in a solution of verdigris, in vinegar. RED requires the ivory to be dipped in a dyer's tin mordant, and then to be put into a hot decoction of Brazil wood (half a pound to a gallon of water) or cochineal.

STRENGTHENING THE HAIR.—A correspondent wishes for a recipe to strengthen the hair. I can strongly recommend the enclosed simple remedy, having used it during the last six weeks, which has proved a wonderful restoration: Beef suet, 1 oz.; tincture of cantharides, 1 teaspoonful; oil of origenum and bergamot, of each 10 drops. Melt the suet, and when nearly cold stir in the rest of the ingredients until set. This may be used the same as other pomade.

ZULINE V.

A CURE FOR COLDS.—New laid egg, well beaten, desert-spoonful of fine oatmeal, desert-spoonful of moist sugar, little powdered ginger, little salt, ½ oz. of fresh butter. All mixed well together. Pour on half a pint, or rather more, of boiling water, gently stirring quickly all the time to prevent curdling. To be taken at bed-time until the cold is removed.

MINCEMEAT WITHOUT MEAT.—1 pound hard apples, cut small, 1 pound currants, ½ pound shred raisins, ½ pound beef suet, ½ pound moist sugar, 1 ounce lemon and citron peel, ½ ounce cinnamon, 1 drachm mace, the rind of a lemon grated, 1 glass of brandy, and 2 glasses of sherry. Double the above for a large family.

TO CLEAN WINE-DECANTERS.—Put in a little pearl ash or soda, some cinders and add water. Shake them about well till clean, and then rinse them out thoroughly.

G. C. C.

TARTAR ON THE TEETH.—Washing the teeth with vinegar and a brush will in a few days, it is said, remove the tartar, thus obviating the necessity for filing or scraping them, which so often injures the enamel. The use of powdered charcoal and tincture of rhatany afterwards is recommended to prevent its formation.

A. B.

PLUM-PUDDING.—1 pound best muscatel raisins, carefully stoned and chopped a little on the board; 1 pound currants washed and picked; ½ pound candied lemon-peel; ½ pound candied citron; ½ lb. sweet almonds blanched and chopped fine; 1 pound suet, picked and chopped fine; ½ pound of flour; ½ pound biscuit powder; ½ pound of sugar; nutmeg and mixed spices to taste; half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; 8 eggs well beaten; a gill of old ale. Then take a little milk in a saucepan and put into it half a pod of vanilla. Let it simmer on the hob with the lid closed until the pod is quite soft. Take out the pod and mince it small with a sharp knife, and put it into a mortar with a little of the milk, and bray it until reduced to a paste, which return to the milk and pour into the pudding. Just before putting the pudding on, give it a good stir, and mix in a full quartern of good brandy. Boil it for eight hours.

HOTCH-POTCH.—Make a stock with 2 pounds of the neck of mutton and four quarts of water. When it boils, have ready, cut in dice, a good quantity of young turnips, carrots, and the tops of cauliflowers, with one or two lettuces cut very small. Put these vegetables, with a pint of full-grown peas, pepper and salt, into the boiling stock. Let them boil for an hour and a half, then add three pints of green peas, and four or six lamb or small mutton-chops. Take out the neck, and let it boil for one hour longer, when it will be ready for serving.

WINTER-HOTCH-POTCH.—Boil for two hours (or more, if not perfectly tender,) 1 pound of peas; pulp them through a sieve. Put on, in a separate saucepan, 1 gallon of water, 3 pounds of mutton-chops, some salt and pepper, 1½ pound of carrots, the same of turnips, cut small. Boil till the vegetables become tender, which may be in about two hours. Add the strained peas to it, and let it boil a quarter of an hour, when it is ready to serve.

# The Riddler.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY SHESH B. WEST.

I am composed of 73 letters.

My 70, 71, 73, 62, 60, 72, 68, is a group of islands in the Pacific.

My 5, 69, 15, 29, 16, is a country in Africa.

My 25, 32, 14, 2, 59, 20, 38, 61, 30, 7, 22, is a river in Asia.

My 65, 66, 5, 10, 39, 67, 29, 65, 70, 64, is a city on the Ohio river.

My 60, 11, 45, 48, 47, is the capital of one of the United States.

My 1, 23, 4, 10, 41, 40, 50, 35, is a lake in South America.

My 43, 35, 21, 8, 26, is a city in Holland.

My 17, 19, 10, 18, 24, is a river in the Eastern States.

My 13, 48, 31, 12, is a range of Mountains in Africa.

My 49, 6, 28, 20, 33, is a river in North Carolina.

My 39, 27, 23, 43, is a town in Pennsylvania.

My 37, 56, 57, 58, 59, is a strait in Europe.

My 54, 44, 61, 54, 53, is a river in Spain.

My 41, 55, 15, 42, 36, 9, 51, is a city in South America.

My whole is the wish of every loyal heart.

*Bentleysville, Pa.*

### ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 13, 5, 6, 7, is a portion of the earth's surface.

My 10, 11, 15, 7, is a phenomenon of the atmosphere.

My 13, 10, 14, 9, 7, is a weapon worn by many of our officers.

My 10, 14, 15, is not lost.

My 10, 14, 6, 7, 8, 9, is a remarkable circumstance.

My 3, 4, 11, 12, 8, is a refugee.

My 2, 1, 6, 7, is one of the two divisions of the globe.

My whole is a celebrated American ornithologist.

*Mount Carroll, Ill.* ANDROS.

### RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in age, but not in youth.
My 2nd is in Bible, but not in truth.
My 3rd is in right, but not in just.
My 4th is in pay, but not in trust.
My 5th is in high, but not in low.
My 6th is in cast, but not in throw.
My 7th is in man, but not in son.
My 8th is in frolic, but not in fun.
My 9th is in lip, but not in mouth.
My 10th is in North, but not in South.
My 11th is in cord, but not in string.
My 12th is in Lord, but not in King.
My 13th is in love, but not in hate.
My 14th is in friend, but not in mate.

My whole is a name that will never die.

*Huntington, O.* BILLIE.

### ENIGMA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five letters in all belong to me:
Omit my first, and then you will see
A part of yourself which claims much care,
Be it handsome or homely, dark or fair.
Omit my second, a music tone,
A fluid—appearance—each I own.
My whole most useful in hut or hall,
Waits, ready to serve the great and small.

EMILY.

### PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What is the altitude of a cylinder inscribed in a right cone whose height is 90 feet and the radius of its base 10 feet; the solidity of the cylinder to be a maximum?

*Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.* S. G. CAGROIN.

☞ An answer is requested.

### TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is known that the perpendiculars upon the sides, the bisectors of the angles, and the bisectors of the sides of a triangle meet upon a straight line. Required, the length of the line, the sides of the triangle being 30, 50 and 40 rods?

REUBEN BARTO.

*Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a lady's heart like a boiled cabbage? Ans.—Because it is not much cared for, if cold.

☞ Why is a lawyer like a crow? Ans.—Because he wishes his caws to be heard. [Since giving vent to the above, the author has become raving mad.]

☞ When may a wise man be deemed "a flat?" Ans.—When he's a-board.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—"Might makes right." ENIGMA.—King Cotton and King Corn. RIDDLE.—The snow-flake.

Answer to PROBLEM by L. D. Burt, published December 26th, 1863.—65 feet.—Gill Bates, Iowa; W. J. Barrett, Philadelphia; and Reuben Barto, Pa.

Answer to PROBLEM by Morgan Stevens, published December 26.—1287, 1457, 27037, 29697, 59767.—Reuben Barto, Gill Bates, and Morgan Stevens.